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The Seed

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UPS LNS

THE

CHICAGO

SEED

VOL 3 Nr 6

35 ¢





The obscene Chicago Seed perverts forth from its den at 837 N. LaSalle Street. This filth has the nerve to emerge every two weeks at the behest of Seed Publishing, Incorporated.

If you're perverse, you can receive this poop by mailing \$6 for 26 sick issues.

Ad and copy deadlines are the first and third Fridays of the month--logical, since we puke our drivels out on the second and fourth Fridays. Send us your artwork, copy and poetry, but be sure to provide a plain, brown, self-addressed wrapper (also stamped) to prevent seizure by the postal authorities.

UPS, LNS--wouldn't you like to know what they stand for?

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"There's money to be made in this hippie thing."  
Colin Pearson, O'Rourke's Pub, 1967  
"There's money to be lost in this hippie thing."  
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## QUASI-CRIMINAL RAP

The Seed's been busted. For obscenity. Ain't that a shame? This is how it happened. On Monday the thirteenth these two cats come into the office. I sell them two copies of the Xmas issue; they flash badges and ask Abe and I for our names. "Obscene matters squad" is their game. When they make it to Barbara's Book Store on N. Wells and score four more copies, we figure something's coming.

wednesday morning six portly porkies slopped into the office, showed warrants for me and Abe, and took us off to cop city (Eleventh and State). Guru for the raid was vice squad detective Grant, ably assisted by Robert "Yippie" Pearson of "True Detective" fame. The four others did a terrible job of searching us--we could've had an armory in our boots and they'd have never known.

It was down to the station-house and into the interrogation room, a crowded place with "positively no admittance" paradoxically lettered on the door. The room was full of detectives, reporters, cops, juniors and secretaries, all of them questioning, gaping, gossiping, or getting off on the "obscene graphic."

In case you missed it, the artwork in question is the centerfold of the Xmas Seed. It shows a good deal of Meschbach's past life, both actual and metaphysical. Since Karl is a healthy, normal cat, some of this epic work of art depicts certain beautiful activities that he's been into, some as they happened, some as they impressed him (or maybe that is a chick eating a banana). Anyway, we felt, and still feel, that the work as a whole is important, sensitive and, in the words of the Supreme Court, "possessing redeeming social importance."

While being searched, I espied a huge sign saying "Is Your Weapon Exposed?" What kind of Freudian question is that? We spoke of this while stewing in the lockup. We also rapped, played combs and tissue paper, hallucinated on the bars (purples and lime-green auras hast the jail) and generally goofing on the prison trip. It was a lot like school--bells going off all the time, a picture for the yearbook, boredom. Abe missed a dental appointment.

We were sprung six hours after the bust, and spent a little time rapping with a lawyer-bondsman about Barbara's processing. The Man treated us super-nicely. They bought us coffee, were polite, didn't get physical at all. The only drag was that the sauna bath was broken. Needless to say, this type of behavior is mucho different than that given to many others in cop city, mainly because we can use this paper to shit back. Does that bother you? Groovy, it bothers us too. We should all get together and do something about it, or we'll always be the black voice asking for a cigarette and hearing "just a minute, boy."

I'm up for two counts of "selling obscene material," Abe's indicted for "providing obscenity for sale" and something about being reckless in exercising his editorial responsibility. We go to trial on Love Day, February 14th, in Branch 46 at 321 N. LaSalle Street. The time is 9:30--see you all there.

If anyone asks, tell them we were busted for being beautiful.

Mike Abrahams



## UOFC: Peanut Butter CONSPIRACY?

University of Chicago administrators, unresponsive to student demands to reinstate Marlene Dixon, former assistant professor of sociology, found themselves on the outside looking in as three to four hundred angry students defiled the sanctity of the administration building and set up housekeeping there in anticipation of a lengthy siege.

Mrs. Dixon was given her walking papers on January 7, apparently on the whim of an administration who could not abide the presence of such a vocal sympathizer with new left ideology. The university had no doubt been looking for a reason to can Dixon for some time, so when on November 14, 1968 she stepped out of President Edward Levi's inaugural procession to join the ranks of the demonstrators, ZAP, instant unemployment.

After her dismissal, the Committee of 85 was formed. The committee drafted a petition stating that the causes of her dismissal were political repression and feminine discrimination. The committee demanded she be rehired, and that students be given an equal voice in the hiring and firing of faculty.

After the requisite number of rallies, petitions, and sit-ins, which that old indicator history has proven to be so ineffectual as a means to an end, on the evening of January 28 the committee resolved itself to more militant tactics. It was decided at that meeting that at noon the following day the administration building would be taken over until the following demands were met: (1) the immediate rehiring of Dixon and (2) the acceptance in principle of equal student-faculty power in the hiring and firing of faculty, and (3) that any wages lost by employees as a result of occupation be paid by the university.

A few minutes after noon the ad building was secured; about as secure as shelled eggs. Some 14 campus security men remained in the building and the deans roamed about at will.

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Motherfucker Acquitted Of Marine Mauling (From the GUARDIAN) Up Against the Wall Motherfuckerer Ben Morea was acquitted of two counts of assault and battery on Jan. 16 in Boston's superior court.

At the Battle of the Boston Common July 23, 1968, Morea and friends were attacked by several servicemen and civilians. Morea testified that his hand was split open by a board-swinging assailant and he held them off until the police arrived. The police arrived and charged him with the knifing of Marine Alfred Crowley.

Morea now returns to his work with the Lower East Side Survival Organization which runs a free store, teaches karate, operates a bail fund and distributes food weekly.

SDS Bargain Special: Cheap!

Available for the first time, SDS's 1969 Wall Calendar! Order Now! Hurry! Send Only \$2.00 to SDS, 1608 W. Madison, Chicago 60612!!!!!!

# THE MOVEMENT

CHICAGO SEED

AMERICA NEEDS REVOLUTION

PAGE 3

VOL. XLII, NO. 132—P. M.

MONDAY—DECEMBER 8—1941

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DAILY SATURDAY SUNDAY  
1 Cent 3 Cents 10 Cents

## PIG DEATH KARMA

The life-cycle which began in Chicago finished in Washington. "Kids vs Kops," "McLuhan," "Pigs," "The Mob," "Yippie," "What's gonna happen"—all of the post-Chicago riffs, all of the myths that were born in front of the Conrad Hilton, are laying dead in the cold mud of Washington, D.C.

The kids first met the "kops" for real on Sunday in front of the Smithsonian Institute on the occasion of a ball for Spiro the Agnew. The kids gathered in the park across the street to yell so-called obscenities ("What's the color of milk? Shit!") at the Lincolns and Cadillacs. Mud-balls came sailing out of the crowd and firecrackers spooked some of the police horses. Six mounted policemen attacked with clubs a' swinging. The park was cleared in seconds. The ground was littered with helmets, cameras, sticks, and signs; all left behind in the panic. Some 'heavies' remembered to bring vaseline and strategically apply it to their faces. This was unnecessary, as the revolution was into mud-slinging and hasty retreat. The myth of the kids against the kops was becoming very suspicious. Nevertheless, the call went out that very night (at the counter-inaugural ball) for action in the streets and battling the pigs on the next day.

Inauguration Day was what Balaklava must have been like when the Light Brigade committed suicide in a war that was historically meaningless. About 100 people were busted, most on disorderly conduct, most as they walked alone several blocks from the parade and out of the sight of reporters. Those who made it to Pennsylvania Avenue were 'held back' from assaulting Fearless Leader and the Praetorian Guards by a thin line of National Guardsmen armed with --overcoats. They were the Honor Guard: helmetless, flag-carrying cats who outnumbered them twenty to one. In other words, we have a long way to go in order to cop the righteous attitude of the Japanese and French students. Be wary of Mark Rudd types who are into 'raising consciousness' by broken heads. Rudd was at Saint Stephen's Church planning 'the destruction' of Washington, using grandiose terms for insignificant goals (e.g., "Show 'em we're willing to take on the pigs!"). I didn't see Rudd on the streets all weekend.

McLuhan took a bad beating in Washington, too. The Media is controlled by the ruling class, right? Right! So all they have to do is not cover a story. What did you read about the battles of the Smithsonian, the National Gallery, and the tear gas that was never used (sic)? Nixon turned the other way and so did the media. The trees fall in the forest and the whole world can watch only when they want it to be seen.

Pigs are stupid. They made heroes of a handful of kids in Chicago. So only half of Pennsylvania Avenue was reserved for the counter-inaugural march. The streets belong to the people. The pigs will stop us and the assistant chief of police waves the cars on. The revolution was thwarted by TRAFFIC, without even the glory of a bloody bandage. And dig it, every police chief in the country made it to the scene, not only for the free trip 'n shit but also to dig how to prevent a demonstration from becoming a street-thing.

Yippie fucked itself up, getting into a heavy celebrity trip. The Living Theater, Hugh Romney, and Paul Krassner were all prize possessions of Yippie. The Yippie call to Washington was in terms of phone calls to friends. Where was the communication with the cat in the greasy street who makes things happen? The one success of Yippie was a press conference which became a teevee hit because the pig escaped. Dig Yippie in drag and minutemen suits, cops on horses and motorcycles and cars all chasing a lone pig around the Phallus Monument accompanied by ricky-ticky piano or Old MacDonald Hadda Farm. But the Yippie nonleaders became as much of a bore in one weekend as the pig had become in five months. Sunday, his ego trip was in conflict with the Mob ego trip, which resulted in the separation of the Yippie contingent from the main march. Whatever charisma the Yippie name had was wasted. Yippie is dead. Dead because Yippie became a fucking celebrity gig.

The Mob may live, and that may be another unfortunate effect of Washington. They're still doing all of their bits: selling more bus tickets than there

## MY BROTHERS AND SISTERS IN THE MOVEMENT

Dear friends,

From the Bay Area to New York, we are suffering the greatest depression in our history. People are taking bitterness in their coffee instead of sugar.

It's a common problem, not an individual one, and people don't talk to one another too much any more.

It is 1969 already, and 1965 seems almost like a childhood memory. Then we were the conquerors of the world. No one could stop us. We were going to end the war. We were going to wipe out racism. We were going to mobilize the poor. We were going to take over the universities.

Go back and read some of the early anti-war literature. Check out the original hippie-digger poetry and manifestoes: euphoria, overflowing optimism, and expectation of immediate success. Wow, I can still get high on it.

A lot has gone down since then. The war roars on, the San Francisco scene is gone, pot and acid are being challenged by speed and smack. Nixon has replaced Johnson, and white racism is stronger than ever.

America proved deaf, and our dreams proved innocent. Scores of our brothers have become inactive and cynical.

Still, our victories since 1965 have been enormous. We kicked LBJ's ass. We defeated the Democratic Party. Our history has been marked by a series of great battles: Berkeley, the Pentagon, Columbia, Chicago. We are stealing the youth of America right out of the kindergarten and elementary schools. We are the most exciting energy force in the nation.

It is just because we are striking so deep that, in every phase of the movement, arrests and trials and court appearances and jail have bottled up resources, zapped energy and demoralized the spirit.

This has happened slowly--not the way many paranoids expected, the knock on the door, and concentration camps for thousands of us. Chase that shit out of your head. That's not the American Way.

The American Way is to pick one off here, one there, and try to scare the others into inaction.

So:

HUEY NEWTON IS IN PRISON ELDRIDGE CLEAVER IS IN EXILE

America's courts are colonial courts, where White America punishes her black subjects. America's jails are black concentration camps. Every black man in jail is a political prisoner, in America we have Race and Class Justice pure and simple.

And they have picked off the Panther leadership and driven it into jail and exile without our burning the fucking country down in retaliation.

OAKLAND SEVEN ACCUSED OF CONSPIRACY

Which means: organize a demonstration which effectively challenges authority and the courts arrest you for conspiracy and tie you up with lawyers and boring shit for years. Is that why so few people are into planning demonstrations any more in Berkeley?

After spending three months there in the fall, I was depressed to see the Berkeley audaciousness gone. Shit, three years ago we were going to overthrow Washington from Telegraph Avenue. Result: broken dreams for hundreds and hundreds of people. "Politico" has virtually become a term of insult in Berkeley today.

Meanwhile, the cops are smiling.

TIM LEARY IS UP FOR 30 YEARS AND HOW MANY OF OUR BROTHERS ARE IN COURT AND JAIL FOR GETTING HIGH?

Smoking pot is a political act, and every smoker is an outlaw. The drug culture is a revolutionary threat to plastic wasp 9-5 America.

If you smoke quietly, you won't get bothered. If you smoke in public, or if you live in a commune, or get active politically, or show up somewhere in J. Edgar Freako's computer, you're likely to get busted for getting high.

Did Julian Grab His Balls To Liberate Him?

Sidney Blackstone is a playwright. Sidney Blackstone has sworn out a warrant for the arrest of his colleague in theater, Julian Beck, producer of the Living Theater, on charges of assault and battery.

Sidney Blackstone alleges that he was attacked by Beck after being invited onstage when he protested against the "Universal Intercourse" scene during a performance of "Paradise Now" on January 12 at Mandel Hall.

Sidney Blackstone has formed the committee of Outraged Parents and Playwrights. Sidney Blackstone demands action from the UofC. Why did the UofC pay \$20,000 for the Living Theater when the Divinity students were protesting the cutback of their PhD program, Sidney Blackstone queries? The persons responsible for booking the Living Theater should be dismissed or the Committee will sue for damages, Sidney Blackstone states.

The fact that the UofC presented this "moral outrage...is symptomatic of the collapse of affirmations and therefore respect that basically incites students to revolt in other areas against their schools," said Sidney Blackstone in a letter to the alumni association.

Sidney Blackstone is the author of the play "The Brain".

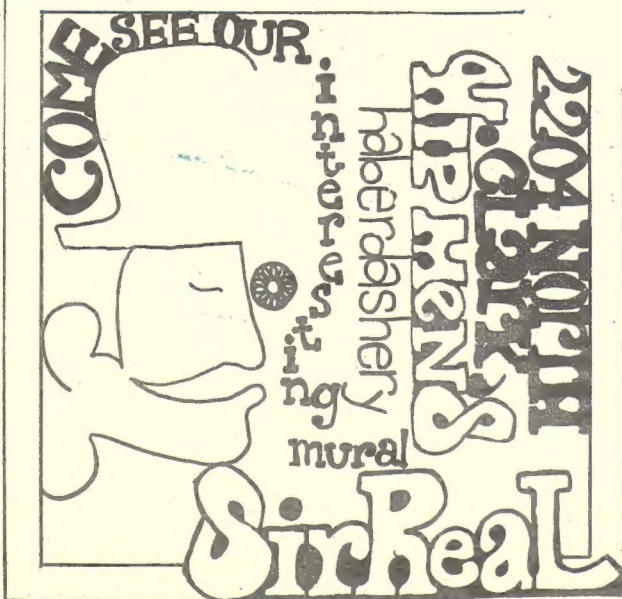
## Oakland 7

200 demonstrators were ousted from the Alameda County Courthouse, site of the infamous Black Panther trials, as the conspiracy case of the Oakland Seven commenced on January 13th.

The Seven, Bay Area radicals who had joined in the Stop the Draft Week of October, 1967, are under indictment for conspiracy to commit a misdemeanor, which, paradoxically enough, is a felony. The Seven were singled out of thousands of companion demonstrators by virtue of being visible 'leaders.'

The Black Panthers and other Area groups have announced support. A four-day "Inquiry on the War and Repression" is being planned for the near future.

Contributions may be sent to the Stop the Draft Week Defense Fund, 6468 Benvenue Ave., Oakland, Cal. 94618. (adapted from LNS)





# THE COMMUNITY

## Chicanos Challenge Cosby

"Cosby es un dictator. Tiene que renunciar." "Cosby is a dictator. He must resign." The Mexican-Americans who called a meeting at Howell House on the 20th feel that William Cosby, executive secretary of the Pilsen Neighbors Committee and project director of the Pilsen Area Community Organization, is treating the residents of the near west side as if he were a modern-day Cortez.

There is no neighborhood library after ten years of grumbling. 18th streets has a super-high crime rate. No community action was taken after the Harrison High riots (65% of the school is Latin). Housing is cramped and scarce. And ten people have been fired from the Credit Union, the co-operative organization that successfully returned a 7% dividend on the \$30,000 invested in it. The people have questions, questions that Cosby refuses to answer.

\$500,000 in federal funds has been assigned to the community, half of which has been spent. According to those who spoke at the meeting, Cosby controls the voting at community meetings and hires and fires in a whimsical manner. According to them, no report of where the \$250,000 has gone has been issued. According to them, Cosby discontinued a community purchasing club similar to the buying clubs of Operation Breadbasket because he didn't (and doesn't) want community participation.

Cosby makes \$12,500/year, and those at the meeting want to know what he's getting paid for. His refusal to conduct meetings in Spanish and use Roberts' Rules has alienated many people, as did his attempt to fire the manager of the Credit Union. Now he is allegedly packing the board to try and oust the manager. One Board of Director stated that on one occasion he came two minutes late to a PACO meeting and found that two members had been elected and the meeting had been adjourned.

The community is spreading a petition designed to get Cosby out. They feel that he had nothing to do with the Pilsen Neighborhood and is only interested in his own power. As they say, "Cosby es un dictator. Tiene que renunciar."

Mrs Leo Pardus

## Rich Hicks Pick To Nix Flicks

There's a bunch of film-makers--kids, heads, and underground crazies--who distribute their films from an office in the Museum of Contemporary Arts. It seems reasonable--film is a contemporary art, the museum says it represents the vanguard, and kids, heads and underground crazies make the vanguard films. So the Center Cinema Cooperative of film-makers--not only from Chicago, but from both coasts--seem to fit right in. But it turns out that the museum may be a little more rear-guard than vanguard.

The MOCA Board of Trustees told the film-makers to be out of the museum by the end of January. The reasons for this edict are clear, and no attempt to veil or disguise them has been made. One reason needs no explanation to the Free Community. It is based on a precept Chicago holds high--that dirty-looking freaks don't belong in places that Normal People go to. But this was merely a secondary complaint of the MOCA board; even some of the noted contemporary artists have long (and maybe dirty) hair; some probably don't wear underwear, and a cunt or cock pops into their work every now and then.

To understand the major reason behind the Board's move, one must comprehend a few things about the structure of the museum. MOCA employs a director and a curator who are directly responsible for what goes on within the museum. In terms of the film-makers' cooperative, both have been sympathetic and more than helpful. But these two executives must answer to a Board of Trustees and something called a Women's Board, both of which are sprinkled with (for the most part) people who can't make the grade of the boards of such distinguished institutions as the Symphony and the Art Institute. Essentially this means that MOCA is controlled by the Rich rather than the Very Rich.

Among the membership of the Women's Board are a whole bunch of rich, young, attractive (they smoke Virginia Slims) women who don't have to work, who have art history degrees from small women's schools in the East because that's what you do at a small women's school in the East. This bunch seems to have decided that the museum needs guides and that the guides need an office. And alas, the only available space was the Center Cinema Office.

The museum officers could appease the Trustees (all of whom are heavy contributors of bread, with the exception of Gold Coast former governor Otto Kerner and alleged Mayor Daley) or make a real contribution to the contemporary arts by supporting an attempt to build a vanguard art community in Chicago. It's not hard to understand the choice that was made--the film-makers will be out at the end of January (although space prohibits elaboration, MOCA's attitude toward Chicago artists working in other media has been equally obnoxious.).

What is surprising, however, is that such a decision could be made in view of some of the avowed positions of the trustees. Trustee Lewis Minilow was much of the money behind the Midwest Film Festival of a few years ago, a festival which fathered the bastard-child Chicago International Film Festival. Trustee Hugh Hefner, for all his tits-and-ass bullshit, has always been plugged into films, especially the underground kind. Trustee Mrs. Walter Paepcke is from the Container Corp. of America (another son-of-a-bitch octopus), but has always been a defender of young artists and concerned with exposing contemporary art to the people. Trustee Edward H. Weiss owns a large advertising agency (war-mongering Borg-Warner and Union Carbide on one side, Sara Lee and Sweet-heart Soap on the other) which makes television commercials filled with techniques copied from underground film-makers. So why the ouster? It would seem that the museum is just another toy for Chicago Money to fuck around with--like the Symphony, the Art Institute, the Film Festival, and Channel 11 (the "public service" station). It would seem that there is a need to decide who the public is? If art is going to be in a museum, let the people put it there. A picket sign in the Newsreel film on the take-over of Columbia University last spring sums it up: "Never trust a trustee over 30." Dig it, art is free. It belongs to the people. Contemporary art belongs to kids. Where is Max Frost now that we need him?

Peter Kuttner, a film-maker

SKIN/ INDIAN PRINTS/ INCENSE BELL RECORDS/ CANDLE BOT TOMS/ PIPES/

4 HEADS

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Columbia Recording Artist Tim Hardin

Northwestern University

February 8, 8 pm

Campus Auditorium \$3.50

presented by Orgy of the Arts

There is a Drug Education Seminar in progress now. It is being conducted by Earth Mother and the Neo American Church and is designed to teach drug counselors facts and inform the public on drugs. Seminars are held Weds, night at 8 pm at Grace Lutheran Church. For more information: 539-0914 or 327-3506 Also, more speakers are needed.



1404 n. wells  
chicago, illinois • fashion inventions  
the garment district



A word about this page.

Alternate society, what does that mean? Well, let's start at the beginning. In the beginning there was no alternate society, there was just a society. Then some people came along and said, "hey, there's no alternate society." So these people said, "Let's start an alternate society." So they did. This is the same way cottage cheese was invented. There simply was no cottage cheese at one time--just cottages and cheeses. Now we have a combination. What a good, full life. Society, alternate society, cottages, cheeses, and cottage cheeses. And now on with this week's adventure.

## TWO FOR THE REVOLUTION

The Living Theater et al tell us that after the Revolution there will be no useless work and that humanity will relate to its component beings on a more meaningful level. But, though we smoke dope and rap about how it's going to be and what we're going to do when it's all over (the revolution, that is), we're forced to murmur "not a hell of a lot" when the anarchist thespians scream "What are you doing?"

Visions of naked kids dancing joyously through the streets of Cicero and rock music in what was formerly the Supreme Court are drug-induced fantasies with no basis in the reality of today. Yet, while a fractionalized movement stumbles about (see "Pig Death Karma"), there are those to whom community, affinity and getting it together exist as actualities. They do their thing in the streets--where they should be doing it. That the Print and the Revolutionary Auto co-ops exist lends credence to the concept of an alternate society.

The Print Co-op opened at 6710 N. Clark on April 1st (973-0219). It is supported by its membership of fifteen or so organizations, including IWW (\$100), Women for Peace (\$100), Solidarity Book Store (\$100), MOB (\$100) and individuals who pay \$25 for membership and one voting share.

Ken Friedman, who has worked as a printer on and off for four years, told the Seed that the Co-op lost over \$1000 during 1968 and can barely make it's nut.

"What we need," he said, are more members. We can certainly handle more volume, and would like to print 40 or 50 hours a week.

"I'm a printer because I enjoy printing. With the Co-op we can do what we chose without all the authoritarian bullshit and division of labor hassles. We can deal honestly with people.

"We are looking beyond movement organizations now. Perhaps liberal church-social action groups will join. They'll get 10% off while insuring our survival."

Similarly, members of the Revolutionary Auto Co-op, 3825 N. Ashland (528-5112), get a 10% reduction on parts and a voting share for their \$25. Founders Les Scruggs, a VW expert, along with partners Dave Strauss and Jerry Taft, opened RAC's doors to the public on December first. As the weather got colder, business got better. It now seems that RAC will be a success--but not as originally envisioned.

"Our original goal," says Dave Strauss, "was to do cars for nothing. That's why we aimed at movement people and the community. But we're getting too many people in off the streets to barter."

RAC can continue to keep the movement mobile only with its support. Plans are to cease servicing the opposition's wheels as soon as membership, now around 40, increases.

Get it together, people. RAC wants to work for you, not for the power structure. They want to test their idea that "political power comes out of the barrel of a carburetor." Both groups need members, competent help and tools. Both groups are made up of cats with their act in one piece who work at their gigs for the love of it. Their version of the alternate society exists independently of bureaucratic bullshit and the totalitarian-modern architecture of the metropolis. Screw the rhetoric, shove the movementese--the Revolution is now."

Al Rosenfeld



## LAUGHING BUDDHA JESUS

In his book *Zen Catholicism* (Harcourt, Brace & World, 1963), the Benedictine monk Dom Aelrod Graham says, "The word 'Buddha' means simply the 'Enlightened One'; so understood, there have been many Buddhas. As Dr. Edward Conze points out: 'In the official theory, the Buddha, 'the Enlightened,' is a kind of archetype which manifests itself in the world in different personalities, whose individual particulars are of no account whatsoever.' From this point of view, Jesus of Nazareth would undoubtedly be accorded the title 'Buddha,' since he is revealed, according to St. John, as both uniquely 'Enlightened' and the 'Enlightener.'"

Moreover, the Edgar Cayce readings (quoted in *Many Mansions* by Gina Carminara, New American Library, 1967) inform us that "Those who walk closer with the Creative Forces should indeed be full of joy, pleasure, peace, and harmony within, and that 'the principle of the Christ life is joyous!' "Remember," they urge, "He laughed...even on the way to Calvary--no as so often pictured; He laughed." Yea: "This is what angered them the most." So: "Cultivate the ability to see the ridiculous, and retain the ability to laugh."

Wow. Can you dig that Jesus was a Buddha? Can you grok a laughing Savior? A Zen Buddha from Nazareth?

Nothing is more heretical. Nothing is more treasonous. Jesus had a sense of humor. That idea will destroy Western Civilization as we know it.

Come brothers. Come sisters. Let's all join hands and enter the Church invisible of the Laughing Christ. Let's all join hands and find the Hidden Temple of the Happy Jesus. Let's all join hands and giggle.

Kerry Thornley

Maybe someday the objects of space in impossible bodies will converge with all the word fantasies and moods and every construction of absentminded bullshit and all wisps of doubt and energies of want to evolve a new sun. Aha!!!!!! What force represses desire, to torture the evolution of the soul? Body and mind must unite in illusive rage in the making of freedom's revolution...people get ready-suspicion's in the air- a faint smellof machines bewitched-a suggestion of passion crimes suppressed and mimicking the wistful wanderings of childhood. Flagrant moments have no sale value when excretions of agony are eaten at the feast of revelation.\*\*Eyes must be filled with total vision, for walls sometimes pretend not to know.-a stifled giggle?- Danger is everywhere...In this room answers and questions occur in simultaneous irrelevancy. A mutant of outer space waits in a suspension of sorcery.\*Out of the street and into a crazy mirror...have things gone fantastically wrong? The fabric of delusion;an object torn from the corners of identity,discoveries in hysteria, pieces of trivia exploited, things usually seen out of the corner of your eye,agony suspended at the moment of change..help! It's easy to be free..Here comes a cyclone of bottles twisted into wild hands that clutch at clouds and windows andparking ramps and prayers from towers crumbling down into a final dawn-illumination-the most tender of blue sounds--arisen from the sludgy drag of rationality-suprizing forms caught on the edge of invisibility. This will not dissolve in the banal drama of undeniable acceptances, in time-space as always caught, orits corners lock in solid geometry...I know that place... Everything is dead-I'm talking to myself in a room full of corpses cloying. I get up and walk around the table-I'm out of patience. Its more than the room-antagonisms fester in the same grey suggestions of natural change--the flux has not yet begun. All night I draw trees standing on my head. Distractions pour around me in constant stream from the skeletal mouth of a leering child. I sit mixing colors; my mind dives to the edge of the vacuum...a fragment of a room-strands of hair over a party closed eye-clouds on the ceiling.... Someone laments the disgrace of hiswizened nativity, another makes false sounds of empathy..voices break across the rain on the slide..... it doesn't make sense..... suddenly a Question is raised, someone is calling back the grimm dimension-----Oh no, not again..... And so the mind falls in a stomach of platitudes to masticate its diet of polarity like pablum- here is the World..... Who cares..,who wants it? Kill it! burn it! We must mame way for revolution---burn away the vestigal infection of history! Freedom from stifled desires...tear down the doors and definitions and statues and schedules and tombstones and institutions! Come and go mad. Let us join together and pass the matches. BURN EVERYTHING!!!!

## Stereopticon

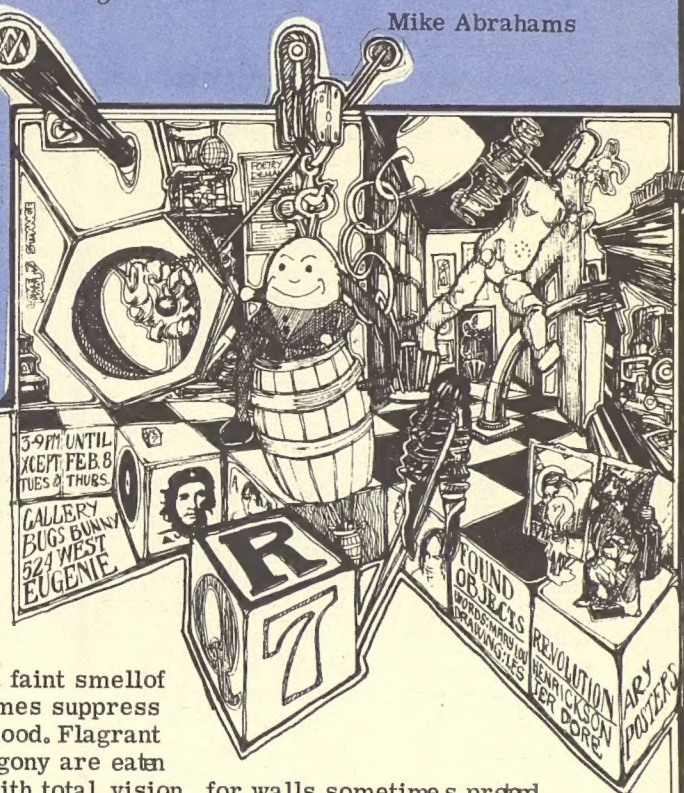
Could the Republic be made into a movie? This is a question one faces after seeing Stereopticon, the new film by the Chicago film-makers in The Gasworks. It's a philosophical movie, but one involving form rather than cinema.

The hour-long series of episodes and verbal riffs on phenomenological concepts expound on and expand on the Gasworks' solipsism..."Eye Giant--He Just Sees"... "You're All Alone, You Know." The film romps through many other thought vectors. There are many kinds of edges-visual edges, tactile edges, mental edges. But shift the camera or move your mind and you feel edges melt, fade, and appear in new places.

Fahrenwald uses his camera well. He's especially hip to double exposure and powerful color sequences. To play a reviewing game, he obviously has been influenced by Bergman; personally, the closest analogy is with "I Am the Walrus."

Unfortunately, I was left unsatisfied. Maybe it was me and maybe it was the flick, but Stereopticon and I didn't connect very much. If "Art Is Meat", as a character in the film says, then my ravenous appetite was unsatiated by a hot dog.

Mike Abrahams



# DOPE ARENA

Everybody's acid favorite, Augustus Owsley Stanley III, was acquitted in L. A. Superior Court of charges arising from an alleged sale of several hundred caps to a narc at the L. A. International Airport of Jan. 24, 1968. The verdict was "insufficient evidence."

Terrible Timmy Leary was busted in Laguna Beach, California for possession of lowers, sometimes known as cannabis sativa.

Latest reports have it that the federal government will commence growing its own to fill demand by marijuana researchers for grass of stable (e. g., good) quality.

If you're going to Turkey, be extremely careful. Turkish law allows for life imprisonment or even the death sentence for transporting hashish. Thirty-year sentences are commonplace, and Turkish jails are known for their corporal punishment and rampant homosexuality.

Heat has intensified since the government instituted a tourist drive in late 1966. In order to overcome 'adverse publicity', the Byzantine man began to use an extant law which grants immunity to finks. Pushers deal, then rap to the federales.

At least eighteen young foreigners are in the slams. The American and British embassies say that little can be done even as the horror spreads to Afghanistan.

Keep in mind that the Turkish word for hippie is 'bitnick'--'bit' means louse--and be cool.

## SUPPORT YOUR BROTHERS

On January 28th Tom Hayden and Wolf Lowenthal come to trial on charges stemming from the Democratic Convention: obstructing an officer, resisting arrest, disorderly conduct, and aggravated battery. The arresting officers in both instances were plainclothesmen--Rennie Davis' tails during that week. Reliable sources have indicated that the tails made numerous threats as to Hayden's well-being if he went into the streets, and that they stated that both Tom and Rennie would eventually be arrested for inciting to riot after crossing state lines.

The 28th is viewed by those following the case as a chance for the Movement to press its case against the Secret Police. It is felt that constant surveillance, intimidation, fabrication and pressure on the part of such organizations are part of a wide-scale attempt to suppress dissent in favor of 'lawnorder.'

Supporters of Hayden and Lowenthal are asked to join them in Criminal Court at 26th and California. If you witnessed any of the following incidents, please contact the Chicago Legal Defense Committee as soon as possible by either writing to 127 N. Dearborn, Room 637, Chicago 60602 or calling 641-1470 (day) or 348-5157.

Sunday night (8/25), when Hayden and Lowenthal were approached by two plainclothesmen near an unmarked car at Lincoln Park

Monday afternoon (8/26), when Hayden and Lowenthal were arrested near the ball field

late Monday evening (8/26), when Hayden was arrested on the corner of Balboa and Michigan.

Ag

## QUOTATIONS FROM CHAIRMAN MILLER

As part of our never-ending search for inspiration from the solons of the older generations, we present the first of a series of Quotations from Chairman Howard Miller, the fair-haired fascist of the airwaves and white hope of the American Independent Party.

The following pearls are from the guru's broadcast on January 20th.

\*\*\*\*\*

Well, those miserable, smelly monkeys, better to call them apes, I suppose, who visited Washington on the eve of the inauguration and who went there for the purpose of disrupting the normal flow of the processes of law, order and decency in Washington, D. C. found the billy clubs of the Washington police were about the same as those of our Chicago police. They aren't quite hard enough--too bad they aren't made of steel with little nail studs in them, but unfortunately the monkeys--the apes--the Yippies, whatever you want to call them, who went there again to dissent in a disorderly process, found that the Washington police had the same low respect for them this this program and our Chicago police do, and each day when you see these flaming policemen's billy clubs in Los Angeles, San Francisco, New York, and Washington you must realize that our Chicago police are little different than police all over the nation. Maybe a little better, but not very different.

... They don't want to make their claims known, all they do is dissent, all they do is find fault with, they give no positive notion of what they would like... They had all the permits in Washington... which was their big argument against Mayor Daley... and yet they still had to be disruptors of the normal activity of Washington, D. C.... We gave them the right, and they still broke the law. So I think there is little recourse that you have except with the billy club. You're not dealing with human beings, you're dealing with animals, and unfortunately animals shouldn't be beaten but some humans should. It's the only language they understand...

With this little item about Dave Dellinger... it might be interesting to know that he's been in and out of jail for most of his life, he's a fellow traveler, no doubt about that. He is one of the sponsors of the Fair Play for Cuba Committee, which was responsible for the slaying of the President of the United States... Know him for what he is...

Mike Gold

## WHITE PANTHER CORNER

The good folk of Hammond, Ind. freaked out upon hearing of the White Panther Party. It seems that a guy named Turk was busted in a place called the Village Boutique for possession of "lewd and lascivious material"--an underground rag containing the Panther Manifesto. Ever alert to the needs of the community, radio statio WJOB read the statement with "beeps" in the stead of words that might embarrass the FCC (beep God in the beep?--what does that mean?).

The Civil Liberties Union will probably assume Turk's defense, as well as that of Phil Stewart, editor of Phaque the System, should he be busted for having printed the statement.

The city fathers were hard-pressed to explain the White Panther flag that appeared over City Hall the night of the broadcast.

\*\*\*\*\*

Four Chicago cops were suspended last week, two of them for action during the convention.

Officer Robert McCracken of the Eighteenth District was ousted for firing his gun during an encounter with street people at North and Wells on September first, while Area Two patrolman Daniel Creedon got fifteen days off for misconduct in questioning an ABC messenger in the Hilton on August thirtieth.

Officers Donald Pacoure and Frederick Aubrin, both of the Marquette station, got the hook for battling fellow blue meanies when the car they were in was curbed. Both were said to be drunk.

Needless to say, no-one has suspended the system.

Back on December 16th the Youth Division of the Chicago P. D. decided that Duffy Bleifuss was an unfit mother (since she had the evil habit of hanging around community stores) and took her and her child, Missy, into custody. At that time the general consensus was that the case would be thrown out of court.

"Unfit mother" Duffy and attorney Bill Brackett appeared in Domestic Relations Court before Judge LaPlante on January 10th. LaPlante said that the case had "interest him" and, since Missy had been returned to her mother by the Welfare Department, there was no reason to prosecute.

As Duffy and Brackett walked out, ever-alert arresting officer Carrol arrived and asked if the case had been continued. He was told that it had been "dismissed, of course."

The possibility of legal action against the city is being investigated.

Leo Pardus

## DON'T FORGET

\*\*\*\*\*

\*\*\*\*\*

### 1969 ALIEN ADDRESS REPORT

COMPLETE ALL ITEMS ON BOTH SIDES OF THIS CARD -- PRINT OR TYPE ANSWERS.

DO NOT MAIL WHEN COMPLETED--HAND CARD TO CLERK IN ANY U. S. POST OFFICE.

(4) MY SEX IS:

☐ MALE ☐ FEMALE

(8) I ENTERED THE UNITED STATES AT:

ON:

(PLACE OR PORT)

BE SURE YOU HAVE COMPLETED THE OTHER SIDE.

FORM I-53 (REV. 1-1-69)

(1) MY NAME IS:

(FAMILY)

(FIRST)

(MIDDLE)

(3) MY ADDRESS IS: (SHOW U. S. ADDRESS. EXCEPT COMMUTERS AND SEASONAL WORKERS SHOW ADDRESS IN MEXICO OR CANADA. SEE ITEM 9.)

(IN CARE OF)

(APARTMENT OR HOUSE NO.)

(STREET OR RURAL ROUTE)

(CITY)

(COUNTY)

(STATE)

(ZIP CODE)

(5) I WAS BORN IN:

(COUNTRY OF BIRTH)

(6) MY DATE OF BIRTH IS:

(DAY) (MONTH) (YEAR)

(7) I AM A CITIZEN OF:

(COUNTRY OF CITIZENSHIP)

(9) I AM IN THE UNITED STATES AS: (CHECK APPROPRIATE BLOCK)

☐ IMMIGRANT--U. S. RESIDENT

☐ IMMIGRANT--COMMUTER WORKER (CHECK THIS BLOCK IF YOU ENTER U. S. DAILY OR AT LEAST TWICE A WEEK.)

☐ IMMIGRANT--SEASONAL WORKER (CHECK THIS BLOCK IF YOU REMAIN IN U. S. DURING ALL PERIODS OF EMPLOYMENT AND USUALLY RETURN TO CANADA OR MEXICO WHEN NOT EMPLOYED.)

4 ☐ VISITOR 7 ☐ EXCHANGE ALIEN

5 ☐ CREWMAN 8 ☐ CONDITIONAL ENTRANT

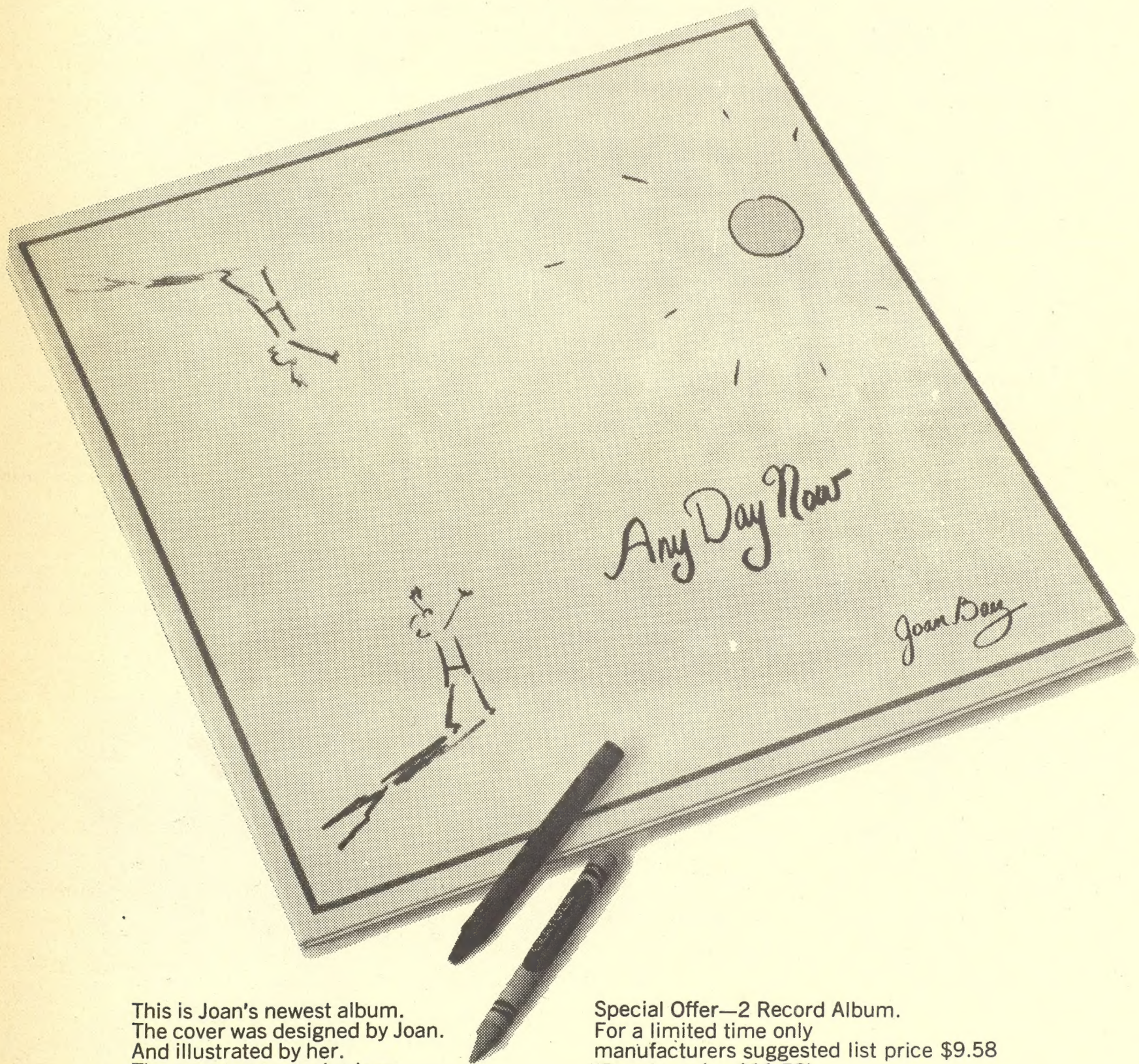
6 ☐ STUDENT 9 ☐ OTHER (SPECIFY)

(10) I CERTIFY THAT MY STATEMENTS ON THIS CARD ARE TRUE TO THE BEST OF MY KNOWLEDGE

(YOUR SIGNATURE, OR IF UNDER 14 YEARS OLD, SIGNATURE OF PARENT OR GUARDIAN)

(DATE) (JAN 692200)

*This is a collection of Bob  
Dylan's songs sung by  
Joan Baez*



This is Joan's newest album.  
The cover was designed by Joan.  
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accompanied by an exciting musical group.

Special Offer—2 Record Album.  
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**VANGUARD**  
RECORDINGS FOR THE CONNOISSEUR



# The Living Theatre is Good Hope

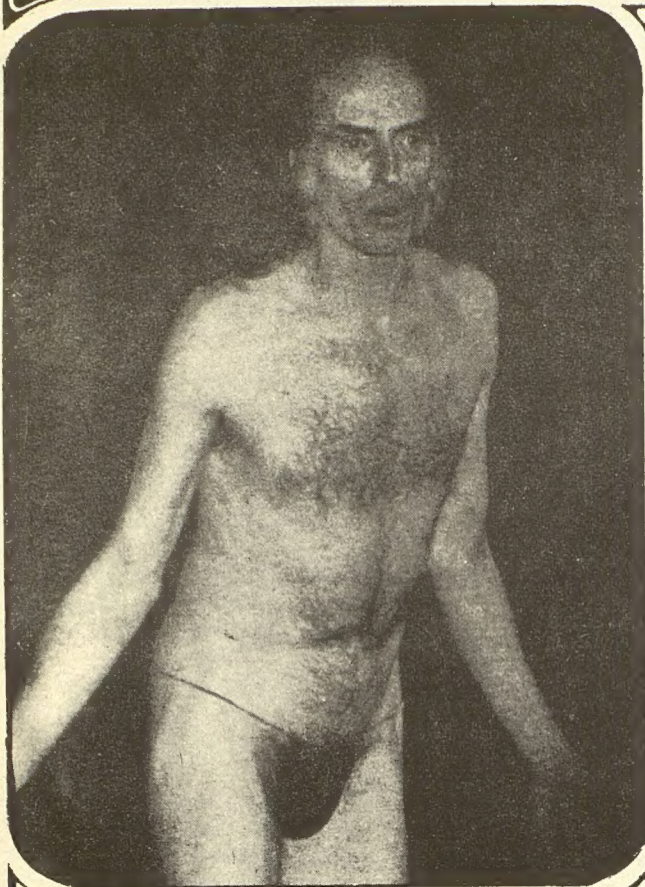


PHOTO: AL KOB

Discipline, grace, strength, fantastic physical and mental strength (who else saw Mary levitate?), co-ordination. Frankenstein's monster as fourteen-bodied cop, pyramids toppling to tales of Ozymandian pride and man's victimization of his--dare the word be spoken?--brother? A theater of form, a theater in which Brecht slays Shakespeare and Tolstoy impales Aristotle, a theater of message over play. Guerilla theater as Dionysian faith-meeting, featuring draft-card eaters and money-burners and ecstatic coupling couples and dazed bourgeoisie--all broken on the rack of their own hypocrisy, the more fortunate flowing into a fresh, an unafraid new skin.

Behold the heroic revolutionary. Become the heroic revolutionary. Bridge the gaps between thought and action. Transmute "do your thing" into "be your thing."

Le Living. Feel it throb, feel your life, feel your neighbor. Le Living Theatre. Theatre in the same sense that waves are music. Go to the lake and listen; waves sing beautiful songs.

Le Living. Le growling, howling, yelping, snarling troupers amok in the audience, shattering force-fields surrounding \$4.00 cubicles, squeezing the puss of repression, frustration, malice and rationalization from sterile necks. Le Living. Behold the heroic revolutionary, behold his/her holiness. Behold, be zapped, learn.

Rite, Vision, Action; aum, aum, aum. Writ-ing to the caresses of the Intergalactic World Brain; tactile wash, Roto-Rooter for Chicago gunk--paranoia, dullness, the quest for another way to elevate than drugs. Rite, Vision, Action. Smash the State from Ymir's frozen northland or from the canals of the Red Planet. Running, running, spreading your joy, spilling your venom, living, being, wresting control from HAL-9000.



PHOTO: ELIOT WALD

Back in America after fifty-odd months of self-imposed exile, daemons, nymphs, satyrs and centaurs Einstein-snapping the space of Mandel Hall into energy and dissolving the chains constraining 1200 flagged, peaked souls. The brittle intellect of Hyde Park giving ground grudgingly to grunts, to nudity, to the unleashing of innermost horrors. "Mysteries...", "Antigone," "Frankenstein;" inroads on tender, artificial sanities. The expected Freud revealed as Norman O. Brown, who's waving wand summons the long-maned madmen of the streets to the Odeon on the golden night of liberation.

"Paradise Now." Paradise Now! Charisma, the highest form of propaganda, launching people off table into the Icarian air. "Paradise Now." Moshka-medicine, Ch'an enlightenment, satori--all sides shaken until swept into an ego-filled dustbin.

It is billed merely as "Coming Attractions."

Abraham Peck

PAGE DESIGN: DORE, HOBO-GREIT

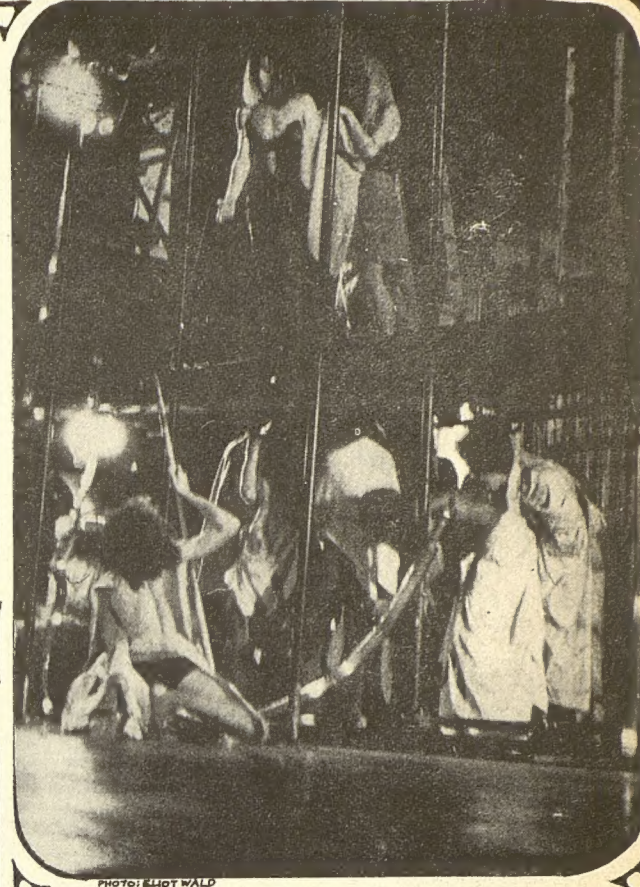


PHOTO: ELIOT WALD

The shrieking girl--"Stop this hate! Stop all this hate!" And Beck, flopping straw-man from the land of Oz, turns and brings a smile to her lips as he speaks of passion and hate and violence and needs as complements to love. Beck, black-out Beck, Creon-Beck, Beck the Frankenstein, Beck the director of thirty-five lovely, lovely absurdities, of nearly two-score lunatics dedicated to making the planet say, "Oh. I see."

Eight years. "The Brig" as Liberty Theater, the cast balling hangaround chicks in the racks of the prison-set. Raids and taxes and off to Europe for cancelled bookings and seventeen guys wintering in an abandoned farmhouse on the shores of the North Sea. To Italy and Spain and the Low Countries and back to France to confront the fat theater-owners in the free(d) streets of Avignon. Then fame: but onward in the streets of revolutionary Paris and Turino.

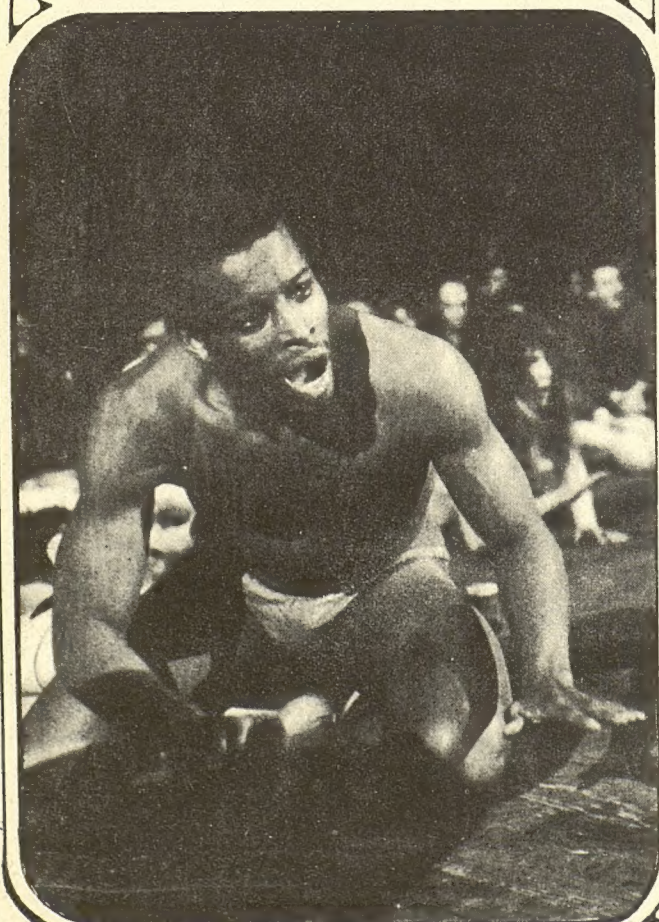


PHOTO: AL KOB

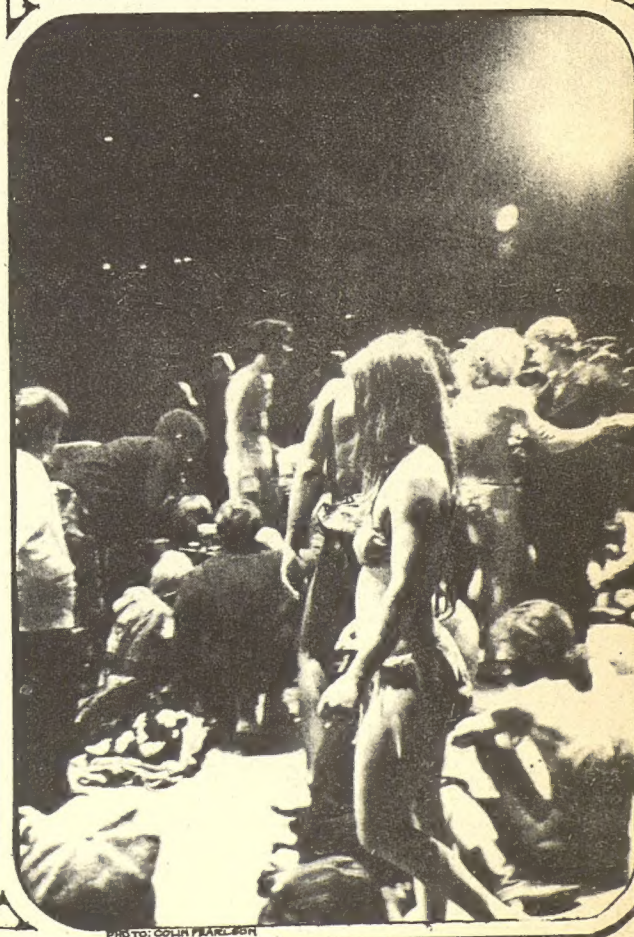


PHOTO: COLIN PEARSON

HALF-TONE: DIONYSIUS; LOW, WALKER

naughty naughty naughty nau..  
naughty naughty naughty nau..  
naughty naughty naughty nau..  
naughty naughty naughty nau..  
naughty naughty naughty nau..

# AN OPEN LETTER TO **lt. thomas l. naughton**

HEAD (?) OF THE CHICAGO POLICE DEPT. PROSTITUTION AND OBSCENITY UNIT

nau  
nau  
nau  
nau  
nau

Dear Sir:

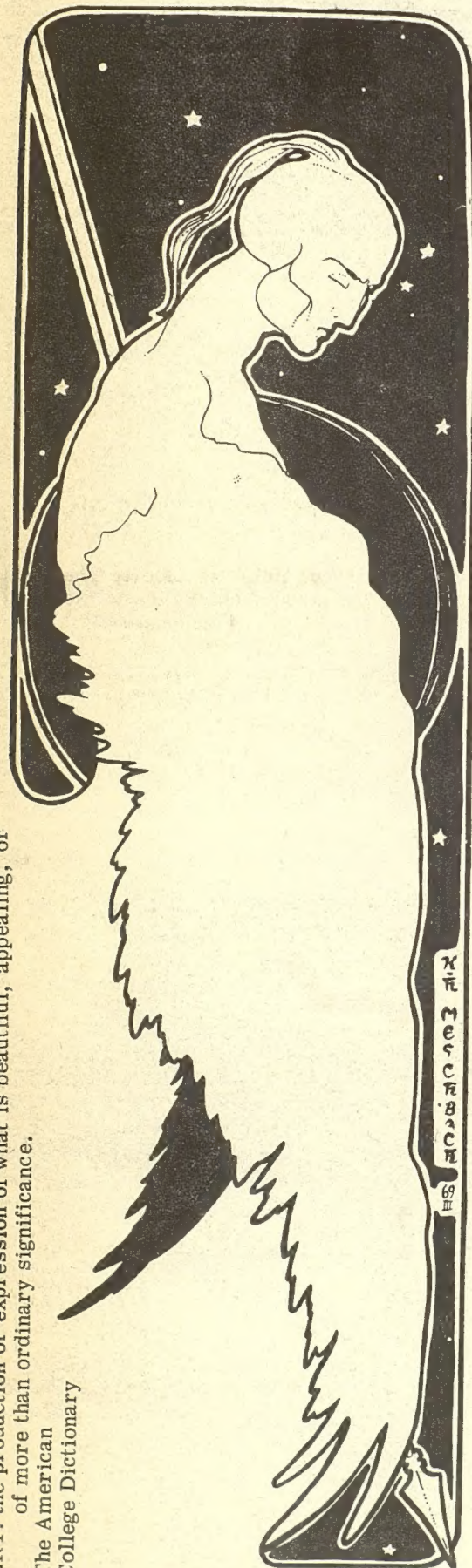
I wish to extend my gratitude for your unsolicited critique of my graphics in the Christmas issue of the Chicago Seed. Of the many people who have commented on my work, you are the only one to whom such astute remarks as "It was bad, very bad" can be credited. When you say that your men have a hard time keeping up with obscenity in Chicago, I can fully sympathize with you. You seem to have had a hard time making a break with the traditions of the puritanical code.

In your charming and witty interview in the Chicago's American of Jan. 25th, you again prove your qualifications by stating "It (prostitution) was tried in England and failed...I don't know any country in the western world that permits it now." It may be helpful to point out that the western world does not begin three miles east of New York and end three miles west of California. Like it or not, registered, legalized prostitution may be found in every country in western Europe with the exceptions of Spain, Portugal, and (since the early '60s) Italy.

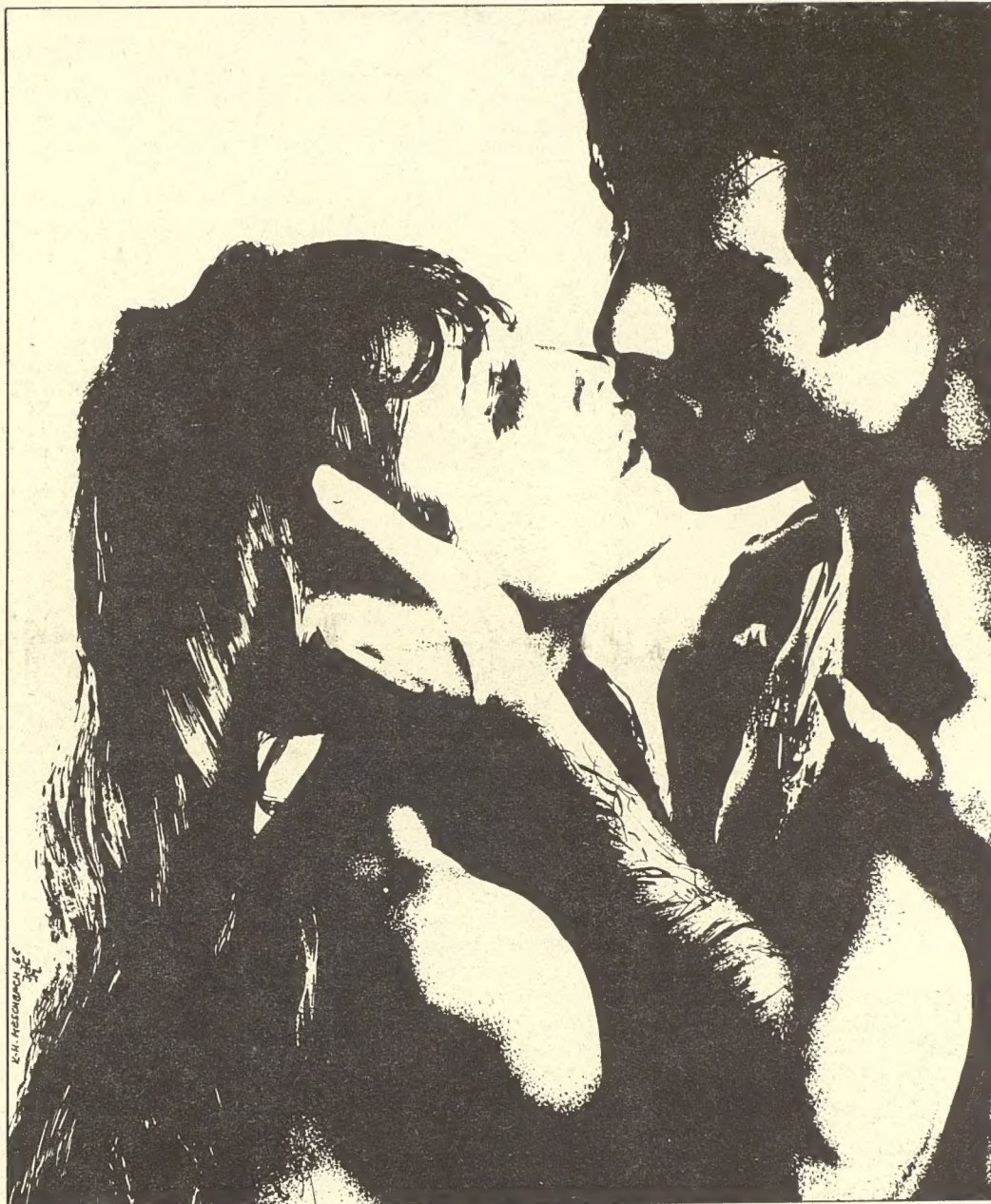
Since legalized prostitution was repealed in Italy, the number of prostitutes has tripled, and the V.D. rate has increased by a factor of ten--mainly because bi-weekly physicals were no longer administered by government doctors. Should you (for some official reason, of course) want to study European methodology, I will be happy to furnish detailed information regarding locations by county, city, and street.

Two weeks ago, I questioned your artistic judgement. Now I am forced to challenge your capability with regard to the first part of your title.

Sincerely yours,  
Karl-Heinz Meschbach



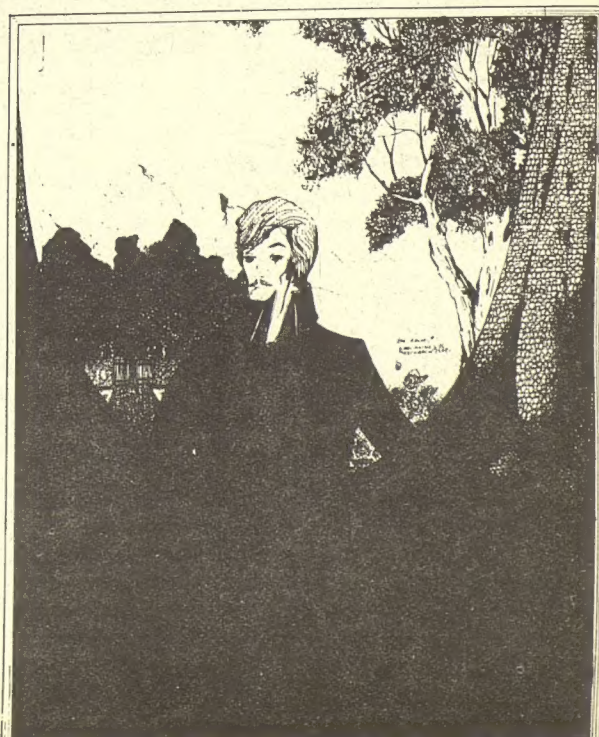
ART: the production or expression of what is beautiful, appealing, or of more than ordinary significance.  
The American College Dictionary



**have  
another  
eye  
full  
OF BAD  
VERY BAD  
STUFF BY  
Karl-Heinz  
Meschbach**

\*\*\*\*\*  
WANT TO SEE MORE?

COME AND SEE ME  
AT THE  
GALLERY  
BUGS BUNNY  
(IF YOU ARE NOT FROM  
THE CHICAGO TRIBUNE  
OR A COP  
WHO IS AFTER MY  
"YOU KNOW WHAT"  
THAT IS)  
for info see centerfold



I am looking for a sharp, intelligent girl over 21 to team up with for an Underground Art Exhibition Tour of the US and Europe.  
Also for Models, good looking for Art Nouveau  
Type drawings and paintings - no bread, sorry.  
Contact the Chicago Seed  
Karl

# INTERVIEW WITH KEN WEAVER



On December 27th the Fugs appeared at the Cheetah. Some prematurely old young folks threw coke, change and garbage at them in response to certain statements about our fearless mayor and descriptions of possible sexual combinations. After the set, three greasy types went backstage and attempted to part a Fug sideman's hair with an empty liquor bottle. A more enlightened 17-year-old maintenance man quashed the attack.

When asked about the audience, head Fug Ed Sanders said "Chicago is the worst city in the country... We're never coming back." Ken Weaver pithily summed up his reaction with a casual "They suck!"

In the hope of restoring good vibes, we're running the full text of an interview-rap between Other Scenes' Lannes Kenfield and the afore-mentioned Weaver. As Frank Zappa says, "Chicago--get well."

LK: We're sitting here in the spacious living room with the star of stage and street, Ken Weaver. First of all, Ken, I can't help but ask you, who is responsible for your interior decorating?

KW: Betsy Klein. And Rondo Hatton.

LK: Do you think that after your initial charisma with the present generation has worn off you'll try to change your style to fit the new generation or sort of grow up with the present group?

KW: No, I know what I'm going to do. I'm going back to live in 1955. I'm going to get a pink and black Ford Crown Victoria, and I'm going to get some pink and black pants, a quarter-inch wide belt, pants with a belt on the back, white socks, a bunch of white socks, man, a whole warehouse full of white socks, and then I'm going to get drunk on Thunderbird wine.

LK: There have been some rumors that there is something between you and Sonia Henie. Is there any truth to this?

KW: Well, we at one time did get something between us. Actually, the first time I ever had a spermatic ejaculation, it wasn't Sonia Henie. It was Dale Evans. I was watching--I'm not kidding you, this is true--I was jacking off one time, it was Saturday, I was sitting on this vinyl-covered couch in Texas, right, with a TV tray in front of me and a big bowl of Cheerios on it. I'm eating these Cheerios with my left hand, right, so I can swing with my right hand, watching Roy Rogers television show, right--"Happy trails to you, until we meet again. Well, straight shooters..." Roy, I think Bullet's trying to tell us something." Boy, I'd like to see a statue of Dale Evans, man. She's standing there and that fuckin German Shepherd is hunching her leg, right, and she says, pointing down at him, "Roy, I think Bullet's trying to tell us something."

LK: Who do you consider the most important influence on your career?

KW: I really, once again, would have to go back to Rondo Hatton. I just wish he were alive now. He'd be so proud.

LK: When did you first realize that you wanted a career as a rock and roll star?

KW: When I was six. One day it was cold in 1946 and I said, "Boy, man, since it's so fuckin cold, I'd better get me a career in rock and roll." No, I've never made that decision, as a matter of fact.

LK: Rumor has it that you can't get sexually satisfied without first eating a Mars bar and fucking four llamas, or was it four Mars bars and...? Is there any truth to that?

KW: Well, last time I fucked a llama, I got the clap. It was in Tibet. Or do you mean the Andes llama? I once fucked a Tibetan llama on the back of an Andes llama. But I can't eat Mars bars anymore because they make me break out. I get pimples all over my hemorrhoids and my eyelids.

LK: Is it true that you've always been a secret admirer of Rudy Valee?

KW: I once saw Rudy Valee in person in El Campo, Texas. I didn't know who the fuck he was at the time. You know, I was talking to somebody from the Mothers the other day, Billy Mundi--he's with Rhinoceros now--and he said he was talking to a chick who was 15 or 16 years old and she didn't know who James Dean was. Do you know what that means? We're old! We're old! What? Who's James Dean? You bitch, you made me old, God damn, man... "Who's Paul McCartney?" Wow! Right? Someday there'll be people that don't know, right? God damn, I don't want to be old! I don't want to be a grownup! I'm twelve, I'm twelve. Sometimes when I wake up with a hangover I'm 82.

But most of the time I'm twelve. I never want to get any older than that, I never wanted to be a teenager. I just want to be 12 in sixth grade... People used to say about teenagers, "Oh God, I'd sure like to be their age and know what I know now."

Cause the kids know more, man. That old bullshit about grown-ups being superior and all--bullshit. And they see through it, man, where we didn't.

LK: After the crowds are gone and you are alone, what do you do for amusement?

KW: I pull it.

LK: That's what Tuli said you would say.

KW: Really? Did he say that? God, he knows me. I'm old and he knows me. I know who James Dean is and I pull it. I'm really fucked.

LK: After such a long and distinguished career as yours, how do you keep your figure trim.

KW: I shoot speed in my eyelids. I've got the thinnest eyelids in town. I shoot speed and I can walk on them, man, I can do chinups on my eyelids. No, I don't know, man. I know, I keep my figure down because I'm armored, man. I've got Reifchean armor. Like, if I really stood naturally... right... (Assumes he-man pose) "Where's the girls here on this beach? Don't see a lot of cunt around. Not much pussy around. No chicks here?" (Looks around and lets belly stick out again). Armoring, man. Live in a tough neighborhood, you gotta be tough. You gotta be armored. I'm afraid. Fear keeps my figure down.

LK: People have said that you sleep bare-ass naked. Is there any truth to this?

KW: It's very true. I sleep all year round with a big blanket on me too. I put a fan on sometimes in the summer.

LK: What kind of deodorant do you use. I'm sure our fans will be interested.

KW: I let my pheromones take care of that. A pheromone is your funk gland. Animals are always sniffing dicks and assholes cause that's where their pheromones are located--right around the sphincter muscles, so they shit and these ducts put this juice on their shit, and other rabbits can tell how old the rabbit was that crapped that out. And ants have it on their mandibles... Have you eaten peanuts and chewed gum at the same time? It really fucks up the gum. But bubble gum and bananas is great. And popcorn and dill pickles.

LK: What advice do you have for your many admirers?

KW: Keep it up. Fuck everything in sight before you're eighteen, guys, because after that you ain't, the only snatch you'll get is when you fill in the blank. Give em the old wedding ring. No, man, shit, I need some advice from them, man. The fucking kids are all hipper than me, or they're going to be. That's why I'm leaving town. I'm afraid of them, oh God. I'm beset on all sides.

LK: Maybe that's why everyone moves to the country when they're middle-aged.

KW: Shit, who wants to grow old in this mother-fucking neighborhood? I do. I don't want to die young.

LK: Who was your favorite high school teacher?

KW: None of them. I hated every fucking one of them. For putting me through that shit, man. The only thing I got an F on in high school was conduct. I got a big red fucking F. I was just a wiseassed mother fucker. I hated those fucking bastards. I hated every minute of it. I was on the student council too for two years.

LK: People are always saying that a successful person like yourself must have had a wonderful childhood. Could you tell us what was the happiest moment of your childhood?

KW: The day the pigs ate my sister. I laughed, I thought I'd die. The day I got out of high school. That is, the happiest day of my fucking life. I was even happier than I was when I got out of the Air Force. I don't know, man, maybe it was the Air Force. I don't know. It's a close race between the two.

LK: When was the first time you got laid?

KW: The first time I got laid I was eleven. I got some before the other guys. Beat em to it. I did, man. My babysitter. I fucked my babysitter. Wow, big old tall Czechoslovakian chick.

LK: Would you want your children to follow you in a career like this?

KW: Gee, well, I don't even want any children, man. I don't. I'd rather have a racoon than a child.

LK: Would you want a racoon...

KW: To follow me in...? Nah, man, let em eat crayfish.

LK: Some people have alleged that the song Marijuana on the latest Fug album has inclinations and even references to an evil drug of the same name. Would you care to comment?

KW: A benevolent drug of the same name, yah. We're talking about smoking dope and it's good for you. What you are smoking right now. Get high on the fumes. Lighter fluid. I used to do that, man. Red wine and lighter fluid. Thunderbird and No-Doze. Me and Brook Broadway used to get smashed on that shit.

LK: What would you consider your greatest single achievement?

KW: I don't know, man. Staying alive for 28 years. Over 28. Probably. That's it. You figure the odds against living are pretty high. Everybody's death rate is the same, though. One life, one death. You only get one of each. I decided the other day I'm never going to vote anymore. Cause you can only vote for hypocrites.

LK: You have to spend a long time practising just how to plain acquire power, man, with no other motive. If you spend your time trying to acquire power, you must be sort of fucked up here, man.

KW: They're power addicts, man, that's what they are. Burroughs knows those mother fuckers. He's been knowing where they're at for centuries. I don't think he looks like he's from St. Louis. He's invisible. He's excited about coming back to NY. He's a karate expert too. They found him wrestling around on the roof of some building in London with some young boy for Christmas. Unwrap your present. Fuck it, man, if he likes choir boys, that's what they're for.

LK: Do you prefer boys or girls under sixteen?

KW: A woman is fine, but a melon's divine. I fucked a watermelon once. There was this farmer outside of El Campo who had a watermelon patch. He had a sign up in his watermelon patch saying "one of these watermelons is poisoned." Fuck it, man, what were the odds of getting the poisoned one even if he did it, right. You have to have a license to poison people. So we used to eat the watermelons. And I used to go in there and fuck em right about sunset. They were warm from sitting out in the sun all day. I used to cut a hunk out and take a stick and poke around in the hole until it was nice and gushy, and then I'd fuck it man. It was nice and round and warm.

LK: Did you leave it on the vine?

KW: Right. And then I put the plug back, and then eat the watermelon. Then after that the farmer took his poison sign down and put up one that said "One of these watermelons has clap." It never happened but it's a good story.

LK: You made up the whole thing.

KW: No, everything except the part about fucking the watermelons. The sign I made up.

LK: If you had your life to live over again, Ken, what would you change, if anything?

LK: Oh God, I'd change my planet. I wouldn't want to live on this son-of-a-bitch again. (Starts singing) "Fly me to the moon, and let me play among the stars. Let me see what spring is like on Jupiter and Mars."

LK: Do you think your sudden success has changed you?

KW: I don't know. I wasn't looking. I'm different than I was in 1961, right. I'm older and I've got less hair. I've got more but it's in a different place.

LK: Is there any truth to the rumor that you've been contemplating entering politics, that is, running for Senator, as other entertainers have in the recent past?

# SESTINA: USURA

- I Why does money  
make an enemy  
of a friend  
when green  
is to man  
the color of spring and joy?
- II A joy  
too, can be money  
to man  
if his enemy  
loved green  
and remained a friend.
- III A friend  
whose joy  
came in spring with green  
leaves and buds, not money  
which makes an enemy  
of his fellow man.
- IV For man  
can make a friend,  
not an enemy,  
and sprinkle life with joy  
if money  
were not green.
- V Green  
is known to man  
as money.  
A friend  
is a joy;  
not an enemy.
- VI So, to an enemy  
show the green  
of spring's joy.  
Be a man.  
Be a friend.  
Forget about money.
- VII The enemy is not man.  
Something green should be a friend.  
Bring joy. Forget about money.

Marshall Rosenthal

## Oh Nothing, Rich

About two, Rich called. He said he was going to the post office and would drop by after. I asked what he had done all day, finding consolation in the fact that a teacher friend of mine was as irresponsible as I was lazy. He said, "working," which means nothing. And I said, "Come on, Rich." He said nothing.

January is strange enough, with gray and birds still around. Wondering where the bread crumbs come from. All gray days. Thinking Boston and Dickenson's "certain light," but not feeling patriotic or religious--only tired and vague. My cat is purring in my lap and bird sounds come along with it.

But add vacation to January and things get really confused. Time, for one thing, goes out of wack, and I find myself rising at eleven and going to bed at four. What command. To finally tell my brain to shove it and ramble off to the kitchen to re-read the morning paper. For instance, "What did you do today, Rich?" "Oh, I bought some tobacco." For instance, "What did you do today, Syd?" "Oh, nothing. I took a walk. Oh, everything, because I did nothing. I looked at people and even talked to people."

I carried Cummings' Fairy Tales with me, and it was a fairy tale. The check-out girl at the library smiled and asked if the book was good. I said that I hoped so. Asked the impatient information man how the library selects books. He said it was a difficult process, and with pencil and paper diagrammed for my pointed but unbureaucratic brain just what the process was. People were lined up and drumming their fingers on the counters and waving numbers at the gentleman without realizing the miracle that was taking place between the dust motes. A librarian, almost twenty-eight and looking forty on his raised chair in the dim light, with details tucked into his eyes and the corners of his chins, began to begin to shake the rusty wheels which had grown full blossom in his head. He shook his eyes and rubbed his ears and said, "what?" "Oh," he said, and smiled to realize that I wanted to talk. The people were making wave assaults on his desk. Little girl students, smug and knowledgeable, were smoldering and eating their pencils. Teen-age boys looking for Henry Miller sex books were grabbing their organs and running off to the nearest washrooms, homosexual or not. Old matrons fell off to sleep on the floor. Business men dove into their watches, turned into green mites, and ate the slips of paper, watch, hand, and all. The plate glass windows shuddered under his breath. All the readers stopped reading, looked up, and stared. Books started falling. He looked and understood. Took in one deep breath and huffed and puffed and blew the house in. I left, smiling at the check-out girl who smiled at me.

I went to see my wife, who was lost in Marshall Field, wanting to rent a room in its various dungeons. I knew someone once who lived on credit cards for months in Marshall Field. Eating peanut brittle and turtles, buying hats one day and socks the next. He slept under the bargains in the bargain basement and didn't mind it except for all the poking hands in the morning. One little girl said to her mother, "Let's buy this, and pulled it out to show. Off they went to Wieboldt's.

No one would say anything to Harry. He was there everyday and salespeople were sure that he was a house detective or vice president or something. After all, he was always dressed so well. It got so that everyone would say hello to Harry and ask him how his kids were and how the weather was outside. He ate what he wanted, used the personnel toilet, woman's and men's and laid get-ahead-type sales-girls behind the lingerie counter.

Even the vice-presidents knew him and said hello. They were sure he was the president's brother or a spy sent to check on their efficiency. In fact, the store's efficiency improved and Harry was thanked by Mr. Field himself. He was given a ten-percent raise on his non-existent salary, a gold watch, and told with a wink that higher things were in store for him. Mr. Field had heard that he was the first employee in the store in the morning and the last one to leave at night. The last I heard of him was that he was made a vp in charge of operations and that he frightens everyone with his knowledge of the store's ins and outs. He sleeps on a sofa and orders a pound of peanut brittle a day. People don't understand, but everyone is afraid to ask.

Well, after giving up trying to find my wife, and after beginning to read these fairy tales, I was tapped on the shoulder by an older lady. She was sitting on the same sofa in front of the same elevator. She said, "How are they?" "They?" She said the fairy tales. After preliminaries, she got to the point, which was her life in Kansas as a girl. With a father who taught them math at night and a dead husband and salesgirls who just didn't know what work was.

"What a fairy tale," I said to myself as she talked, wished me a happy new year and walked off. "What a fairy tale I'm in." "Oh nothing Rich. I went downtown and walked and talked to people."

Syd Lubman

## SUCH TOKENS DO WE CHERISH

Such tokens do we cherish  
while airy embers  
churn our mind  
while wisdom sleeps:  
soft sounds of dawn  
in the stone of grim cities  
(ghosts of known persons,  
a truck's tread echoing),  
the portrait unpainted.

Nothing granted, nothing won;  
no separate sea cools our shore,  
nor any gain of gold redeem;  
time, like rivers, never returns:  
the moment is only ourselves.

--Bob Perlongo

## Inaugural Doggeral

Worthy of the Occasion  
20 January 1969

Today begins the Reign of the Giant Gentile!  
I saw it on the teevee!  
Blond shiksas twirling batons  
in front of marching Hitler Youth,  
Soldiers of the Czar  
looking for jew-heads to stomp!  
Look out! You too may be a jew!  
The Giant Gentile defines it.  
He do!

If you don't love a parade  
you might be a jew  
and the Giant Gentile will get you!

but as my grandma might have said--  
don't let it make your head crazy,  
he's only a president; a czar;  
will he affect how you wake up in the morning  
how you eat a roll and drink a glass tea  
how you love your loved ones and make for  
a happy home  
how you hum and how you sing?  
well, nu?  
well he??

Because today, as always,  
questions can only be answered  
by questions.  
After all.

After all  
this  
inaugural  
doggeral.

Marshall Rosenthal

To Henry Miller

To Henry Miller

"Don't wait for miracles---  
YOU are the miracle!"

found on wall in Henry  
Miller's house (3 Nov 68 NY Times)

Seventy seven and still doing it! Blessings,  
blessings, joyful blessings to you Brother  
Henry!

Chingaman Henry!

Old Jew Henry!

Dirty Old Bum Henry!

Beautiful Brother Henry!

wasn't there a little boy  
in the comics with a bald  
head whose name was Henry?!

Little Bald Henry Lives!!

You old motherfucking sonofabitch cocksucker  
titty-tickling Hen ry Miller, bald head!!!

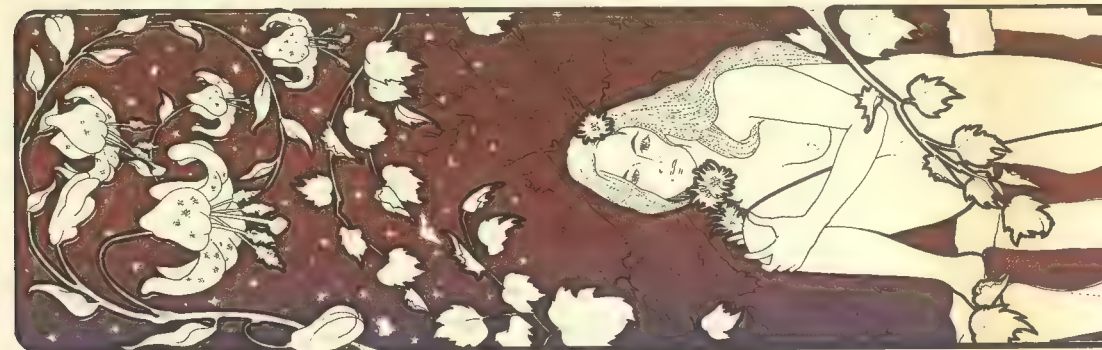
Rockwell Kent



# an exhibition of graphics

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LESTER DORÉ • KARL HEINZ MESCHBACH • JAMES ROSLOF  
LAURA ROSLOF • AT GALLERY BUGS BUNNY • 524 EUGENIE •

# BUGS BUNNY



# But The Man can't bust our music.



The Establishment's against adventure. And the arousing experience that comes with listening to today's music.

So what?

Let them slam doors. And keep it out of the concert halls. Nothing can stop great sound makers like Ives, Riley, Stockhausen. Varèse or the Moog Synthesizer

They're ear stretching. And sometimes transfixing. And The Man can't stop you from listening. Especially if you're armed with these.



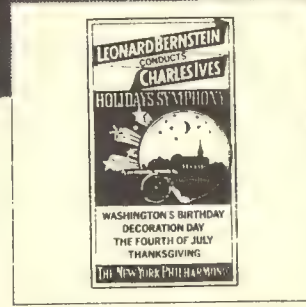
MS 7178

The only legal trip you can take. A hypnotic sound experience.



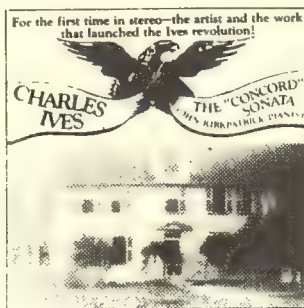
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Bach, stripped to the bone. Then built up with electronic textures. Electrifying!



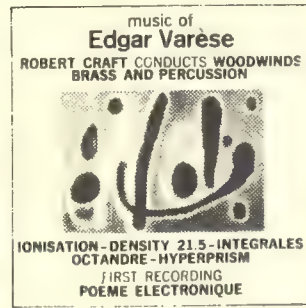
MS 7147\*

The great American holidays come alive through the work of the first composer to compose American.



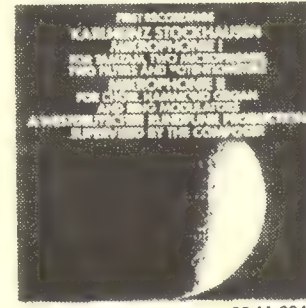
MS 7192

The first shot fired in the Ives Revolution. Ear-shaking portraits of great dissenters.



MS 6146

Chains, sirens—all but the kitchen sink. Musical anarchy.



32 11 0044

The microphone as an instrument with shrieks and cackling. Is he for real?

On Columbia and CBS Records

\*Available in 4-track reel-to-reel stereo tape  
†Available in 8-track stereo tape cartridge

KW: (Laughs heartily) My platform is going to be "More now." Send me your Swiss bank notes. A vote for me is a vote for the Singhman Rhee Swiss bank account. Politics! What a bunch of shit.

LK: On the Free Urban Catalytic Knowledge Party.

KW: Sam Houston Institute of Technology, get it? Yuk, yuk, yuk. 'Goddam, that makes my ass want to dip snuff.' What? What? What little old granny lady thought that up? Mammy Yokum or something. Some speed freak dyke. Al Capp is sick.

LK: He's sick in Argentina. He used to be a liberal. Now he's a Bill Buckley fan. I think maybe he hasn't been getting any.

KW: When he did the big fucking thing about Joan Baez, man, "Phony Joany," she's no sacred cow or anything, but his attack was just crude, man.

LK: Whom do you most admire in the world?

KW: Who's the oldest?

LK: There's a man in Tashkent who claims to be 147.

KW: I don't admire anyone in Tashkent.

LK: You don't like the Tashkentians?

KW: I'm an anti-Tashkentian. I don't know. Ever since the day this guy from Tashkent came up and squirted chicken shit at me from between his teeth. I had my glasses on, you understand.

LK: What, if anything, would induce you to shave your beard and cut your hair?

KW: One million dollars.

LK: I figured you'd say five.

KW: No, one would do it. I figure I could grow it back.

LK: Outside of your mom, whom do you consider is the most alluring female in the world?

KW: Monique Van Cleef. No, I don't know, man. The Virgin Mary. I'd like to fuck her. No, actually man, the most alluring female in the world is Queen Elizabeth. I'd like to fuck her in the ass. Except I wouldn't want to dirty my dick on her. What a piece of shit she is. The Queen indeed. Fucking antique.

LK: I hear she's a palace queen.

KW: She's probably sucked off the Coldstream Guards so many times, man. They lose 40 pounds a week through the heads of their dicks.

LK: We've all heard a lot of derogatory talk about Moose Weaver. Tell us what he's really like.

KW: From where, man? I think he's great. Moose Weaver's my fucking hero. That's who I most admire in the world, Moose Weaver.

LK: What do you admire most about Moose Weaver?

KW: He's a good shot.

LK: Does El Campo really exist, or are you just putting us on?

KW: Sometimes I wonder. memory and dreams are intermixed in this mad universe. I think Jack Kerouac once said that.

LK: Is Ken Weaver your real name, or are you Cardinal Richelieu?

KW: I'm judge Crater, motherfucker.

LK: The next section has questions like out of Sixteen Magazine.

KW: Sixteen Magazine ought to be took out on the street and shot down like a dog. Is it one of those fab mod gear mother fucker things? An interview with head mother Frank Zappa. Zappa's great, man.

LK: Dino, or Dino, Desi and Billy...

KW: Oh, yeah, god, take em out and shoot em in the streets like Sacco and Vanzetti who got in on my birthday, August 23. Leon Trotsky got in on August 21, Gary Elton's birthday.

LK: What kind of clothes do you like to wear, Ken?

KW: Boots, levis, and t-shirts. And braces... I like to wear fab mod gear. Imagine what I'd look like in a goddamn Nehru thing, you know, mod fab, with one of those Johnny Carson anodized aluminum medallions they wear around their necks. It looks like one of those things around the doorknob with the doorknob in the middle of the door. In suburbia. One of those big sunburst clocks, or something, around my neck. With a big anchor chain, right. You know what I'd like to do, man? Did I tell you about the Van der Graaf electrostatic generator? There's a big sphere on the top and a column and what they do is produce an electric arc. I'd like to get two of them and stand between them. I've talked to electricians about them because I don't want to get fried, but it would look so fantastic to let the arc jump off the end of your fingers.

LK: I remember a revivalist who was coming through our area. It was at some Bible grounds camp meeting, and he had this big meeting, you know, there were over 350 people there. I was sitting in the front row and he had a generator that generated over a million volts off the regular telephone line, but it had no amperage. And he says,

"All the people sitting in the first four rows will have over a million volts pass through their bodies." And I was sitting in the first row, wow. He'd go bzzz bzzz and sparks would connect between his fingers. And he got one guy he asked to come up on stage. "Sir, take off your shoes because of the metal eyelets in your shoes and all objects out of your pockets."

KW: Take the rings off your toes.

LK: And he put a fluorescent bulb in one of the man's hands and the bulb lit up. All the sparks flying all over the place.

KW: God is dead. God is dead.

LK: He was some kind of Mafia wire tapper before he came to God, right. And then he'd say, "That just shows you God's energy, folks." And then he'd start the sermon.

KW: Give me those gas stoves. Go electric. Go God. Let's keep the God in electricity.

LK: One question many readers ask, how big is your dick?

KW: Maximum length once recorded in 1965 was 7 and 1/4 inches. Minimum length, that's when I'm on speed, it sometimes draws up to my knees. NO, actually it looks like a miniature concertina, that you'd get in a gumball machine that goes eee eee.

LK: What kind of job do you think President Nixon will do?

KW: I'll bet Curtis LeMay smokes Roi-Tans. Wallace smokes Old Golds or Sanos or something. Some right-wing cigarette.

LK: Do you think that fame and fortune have affected your sex life?

KW: I never did get much (breaks into song): "I've got plenty of nothing, and nothing's plenty for me. I got my hand, I got my dick, I got my fantasy."

LK: What sports do you enjoy?

KW: I like to take a lot of narcotics and watch baseball games. Football, NFL football. That's the best. And I like demolition derbies. Dig it, man, I saw a thing the other day on television where they had this fucking contest and the way it works is these cars go along and there's a ramp, right, for the two left wheels or the right two wheels, take your choice. And they see who can go around this racetrack on two wheels. And the cars are just driving around like that. That's what I like about America. Evil Kneevie went across the goddam Grand Canyon on a motorcycle in the air. That to me where America is. Crumbling and dying Rome. I don't give a shit, man, it's partyville. Partyland. Make believe.

LK: Is it true that you turned down Jackie Kennedy and she picked Aristotle Onassis on the rebound?

KW: I turned down Lord Harlech. And Jackie Kennedy turned me down. And Lord Harlech turned down Aristotle Onassis, who has a severe case of hemorrhoids from sitting on a cold Stonehenge and brought Betsy back some moss. Groovy fucking magic, right. Stonehenge moss, man, smoke that shit! Get high for a millenium!

LK: What is your favorite color?

KW: Burnt sienna. That's the best thing that ever happened to Crayola.

LK: Flower?

KW: Black lotus as mentioned in the tales of Conan the Cimmerian.

LK: And your favorite food?

KW: I don't know man. Tamales.

LK: Who is your favorite rock and roll star?

KW: Little Willie and his Unitar. He had one record I think on the Speciality label, and one side was the Cherokee Dance and the other side was the Unitar Rock. I don't know, maybe Link Wray. It's a tie up between Little Willie and Link Wray.

LK: Who's your favorite movie star?

KW: Rondo Hatton.

LK: What do you like most about Adolph Hitler?

KW: He had a lot of chuzpah. He never happened, man. That didn't happen. Six million what? All those photographs were touched up. Air brushed or something. They did it with mirrors.

LK: Who has been your best fuck?

KW: The afore-mentioned watermelon.

LK: Got out of that one.

KW: Slicker than owl shit, boy.

LK: Who were your boyhood heroes?

KW: John Wayne. Spike Jones. Smiley Burnett. And Lash LaRue. How's that for a Rogue's Gallery? Harpo Marx. Shit, I had thousands of fucking heroes, man. Johnny Weissmuller. Crash Corrigan. Shit, this fucking house is falling apart. Like I say, man, it's crumbling Rome.

LK: What are your hobbies?

KW: Playing darts. I don't know, man. HMMM.

Reading. Jacking off, reading. Fantasizing. Close your eyes and fantasize. Reading this poster here by Michael McClure. Greatest goddamn poster in the whole world. I found it in the Village tacked up on some boardings... How'd you like to have the tapes of the Moors murders? This man and woman in England took a bunch of kids and tortured them to death and recorded it. "Just released. A new LP." It must be incredible to hear someone tortured to death. You'd probably vomit. They'd make a trillion dollars. Boy would it sell. It would just blow the whole world's minds. People would take sneak listens. Like they used to sneakily read Peyton Place and say they never read it. But they knew all about it. "How come you know what's on page 197?" The kids watching the guy eat the pregnant woman.

LK: Do you have any pets?

KW: Sometimes when I get the crabs. No. I used to have a couple of cats.

LK: What happened to them?

KW: They passed on, I guess. I don't know. They just disappeared. They went to Alaska for a pack of cigarettes. That's a great American escape, you've got this hen-pecked cat. "I've had it. That's it. I have fucking had it. Oh, now LIS-TEN HELEN. I'm going down to the corner to get the Sunday Times and a pack of cigarettes and be right back." Fishing for salmon, man. Ketchikan, Alaska. Stomping up the Chillcut Pass. I got friends like that. Got a Volkswagen bus, took his wife and went to Alaska, got a salmon boat, and made a fortune. Work three months, get nine months off.

LK: I don't know as I'd have the heart. I eat meat but I don't...

KW: Oh, fish, they don't know. I can't tell one of them from another. Funny thing about fish. Natural sense of rhythm.

LK: Is anyone hiding in your shower at the present time?

KW: What day is it? My grandfather always likes to get in the shower and rub soap all over him with no water coming down. He's sick.

LK: Outside of Millard Fillmore, who is your favorite President?

KW: The ones before Washington. None of them, Man. They're all fuck heads.

LK: What do you think of the pollywog phenomenon?

KW: We used to all look like those. We all had gills. Gills and tails. Unlike the archaeopteryx. That must have been a great thing, man, to be an archaeopteryx. One day there was lizards. There was no birds or nothing, just lizards. Everybody woke up the next day and there was this new guy. He could fly! Look at that! He couldn't really fly. He would climb up on a tree and glide down like a flying squirrel. Then later on he got hip to flapping. Then his scales separated instead of being sheeny. I didn't mean that. I didn't mean to offend any Jews. Shiny. Look at a bird, man. They're a lizard. Look at their feet. Lizard feet, talons.

LK: Has your insistence on being clean cut harmed your career?

KW: It makes it hard for me to buy drugs. It makes it easy for me to go through customs. It only usually takes me three fucking hours. It's incredible, man. I mean, if someone like me goes through customs they look through everything I've got. Everytime I go through I say, "I've got a suitcase full of heroin. I figured I could get through because I'm so inconspicuous. You figured I could get through because I'm so inconspicuous. You don't even notice me, did you?" Ha ha. I've got hair down to the fucking middle of my back, I've got a beard, and a funny hat on.

LK: I've been searched the last four times I crossed the Canadian-US border myself. Do you have any superstitions?

KW: What I consider truth or reality other people consider superstitions.

LK: In a word, what is your philosophy on life?

KW: The Universe is a tough neighborhood.

LK: Have you ever dated a fan?

KW: Yeah. Dated. What does that mean? Fucked. Dight. Dighted them. That's an old word, means to fuck.

LK: Who was the fourteenth president of the U.S.?

KW: Rondo Hatton.

LK: How many feet in a mile?

KW: 5280. 1360 yards.

LK: Are you a big spender from the east?

KW: No, I'm a bumpkin from the Southwest.

LK: And last but not least, what words of wisdom do you have for your mass public?

KW: Drop this planet like a hot potato.

brought to you from page 3

## PEANUT BUTTER CONSPIRACY CONT.

Later however, the deans split, leaving the "liberated zone" to the guards and the disorganized ranks of the "liberators".

In the Registrar's Office chaos reigned. The press flashed away and persisted in stuffing their mikes down people's throats until it was decided that the electronic media should be barred, but not forcibly, so most stayed. At 2:30, process-serving honchos began laying summons on imposing persons "requesting their presence at a disciplinary hearing at 4:00 that afternoon." Most of the servees burned their invitations to the tune of "We Shall Overcome".

When the announcement came at 3:15 that the administration was attempting to lock the doors, the liberators flashed that they had better get their shit together or lose the ball. A decision was made and 50 people pressed their bodies against the doors. The turn-keys, seeing the futility of their task, split and demonstrators won their first victory.

The inherent weaknesses of their pure-democracy approach was apparent from the onset. Raps like "now could I have 3 speakers for and against the proposal?" were costly in terms of both time and revolutionary enthusiasm.

A plea for support and food was issued on the steps of the building to a crowd of a few hundred students who were enticed to come in for "food and to get out of the cold and wetness." Not a bad reason if you lack issues—but is it revolutionary?

The issues were there, and the steering committee split those who were there for more than just a peanut butter sandwich into groups to discuss amnesty, strategy, the discipline issue, and of course, women's liberation.

At 8:00 that evening, Newsreel showed the Columbia flick. As we go to press the "revolutionary contingent" was still discussing how it had changed their lives. Time will tell.

Al Rosenfeld

## An open letter to Jethro Tull.

You have come to the United States. You are, in a sense, a visitor and guest. Your behavior is being, at present, closely scrutinized from coast to coast. What you sing and how you play is about to mark the difference between continued anonymity and future fame.

But right now, the reaction of most of us Yanks is, "Who in the merry hell is Jethro Tull?"

Dast you blame us?

We think we know how you would answer that "Who in the merry" question. Your answers would be six:

1. Jethro Tull is the man who invented the plough three centuries ago, or so
2. More than being just another new English group — ho hum — you, Jethro Tull, are apparently the new English group. That is, if the reaction you're causing in your Mother Country is a clue

3. Your album, called "This Was," sprang from obscurity to #5 on the British charts in two weeks. Still up there. (Here, where it's just out on the Reprise label, it is not yet sprung. It is, however, crouching.)
4. Your reviews, in England, have been smashers. We quote you our favorite:

"The Cream are finished and dead. Soon

they will play their farewell concert . . . and then will appear a gap in the pop world which every group will strive to fill. But I'm sure a group has already filled their place. They go under the unlikely name of Jethro Tull, and make music which leaves The Cream standing. In all, this is THE group of the year, and for the next decade." — *The Northern Review*

As we said, J.T., a smashing review. But who in the merry hell is *The Northern Review*?

5. Four Englishmen, pretty much r&R jazz-blues oriented, who often appear in public as old men: shaggy hair, beards powdered with white, age lines on their faces. Just a little something for America's senior citizens.



6. Ian Anderson (vocals, flute, and harmonica), Mick Abrams (vocals and guitar), Glenn Cornick (bass guitar), and Clive Bunker (drums, hooter, and charm bracelet). Or as *The Corby Leader* said, "The most unusual group on the British scene." *The Corby Leader* is not, we warn you. *The New York Times*

So, Jethro Tull, you may be hot spit in England, but here, you've got a ways to go: New York (Jan. 24-5), Detroit (Jan. 31), Chicago (Feb. 7-8), Boston (Feb. 13-15) . . . and so on for the next 16 weeks. We, for one, will be watching your every move.

But then, that's our business. Our meaning Reprise Records. We're your record label, Jethro Tull. Exactly where you belong.



HERE: CROUCHED



direct to you from p. 3

were seats, collecting extra money to give free rides to needy revolutionaries and then leaving them behind, worrying more about manipulation than creating effective actions on the street. The whole cast of petty officials, headed by Eric Weinberger, was there. Weinberger has managed to piss off about as many people as Hickel. He is the Walter Hickel of the Movement. Weinberger does bits like cutting off Ed Sanders' mike when Ed protested his horse-shit Dennis James-money orgy telethon at the counter-inaugural ball ("We're bringing on the Chicago vets now. Make room for those wheelchairs.") The Mob still controls the bullhorns and decides when a situation is worthy of being led, publicized or even recognized as a situation.

For Washington, the Mob organized:

1. Fuck-up workshops, at which the greatest achievement was some involvement in the workshop but the overall effect was just like a good class—interesting, but to be ignored in real life. The Trots' were there, selling revolution at their literature tables—peacebuttonsforadallah.
2. The Mob ego-tripping at the tent rally, featuring Women's Liberation, who, perhaps stimulated by an emerging dyke influence, saved most of their fire for the movement men.
3. The majority of the people wanted to march, but the Mob had speakers harangue them with anti-imperialist rhetoric. One myth that didn't die was the you are the leader—the assistant chief of police was looking for a leader, so I (and who the fuck am I) made myself available and began the parade. Only them did Dellinger and Davis run to the front with blazing bullhorns.

The march ended with a giant fight between Omegas and Raised-Fists over hualing down the flag. Mob splits with the bullhorns—"we've done our job." Mob walked away while brothers cut each other up. So Mob continues as the disguised unemployment-and-official-bureaucracy of the movement.

The Inhoguration's most important contribution was a perspective to examine what the post-Chicago period has formed. We had the Berkeley and NYU fade-outs, Eisconsin and Times Square Election Day Fizzes, the Madison Media Madhouse, the Battle of the Montreal Peace Conference, the Fort Dix what-if-we-called-a-demonstration-and-nobody-came-fiasco, and the Mother-fuckers vs Bill Graham bore. All of these were essentially internal struggles between two or more lines. The movement eats its own. Dig the Old Left vs Panther hassle at Montreal, PL vs the Revisionists at Ann Arbor, and the general chaos at the media conference. The best example is that pitched battle over the fucking flag after the march.

We're going to see a lot of internal hassles, and it will be the dominant theme of the movement in the coming year(s). Eventually, one or two dominant organizations with a single line will become dominant. Individuals won't be able to survive the twin pressures of the police state and movement strug-

cont. on page 18

Through the power of arrest, the cops have virtually silenced the drug evangelists and have destroyed drug communities like Haight-Ashbury.

### SPOCK FACES TWO YEARS IN THE PEN

When America arrested the Baby Doctor for advising young men to follow their consciences, I was ecstatic: the next day I actually expected thousands of intellectuals and religious folk to stand on soapboxes and repeat Spock's words. Fuck. No one hardly said a word.

The intellectual community was paralyzed by fear. Is it any wonder now how German intellectuals were so easily silenced? Some of the Boston Five tried to beat the rap, re-interpreting their actions into meaninglessness. Where was that moral confrontation with authority that Paul Goodman spoke so oozingly about?

Sorry for the bitterness, but I saw the arrest of Spock as a test case for the government. If they could arrest and convict Spock without much of a backlash, certainly they could exile Cleaver and jail Leary, and eventually get to me.

The government won the test. Now they are willing to try anything.

### CAMPUS ACTIVISTS ARE EXPELLED AND ARRESTED.

Participants in any campus outbreak now are expelled or suspended from school, and arrested on assorted misdemeanors, if not on felony charges for conspiracy.

Students quickly forget the court cases left behind, and the euphoria of an outbreak turns sour in the hearts of those who go to court and jail alone.

When cops first come on campus, the liberals scream—but gradually the liberals get tired.

Cops and courts never sleep.

### WAR RESISTERS ARE BEHIND BARS.

The anti-draft organizations are in shambles. Individuals are left alone to face 3-to-6 year sentences for refusing the draft. Thousands of men have been driven into exile in Canada and Sweden. The bravest men in the army are choosing to go to the stockade rather than eat military shit.

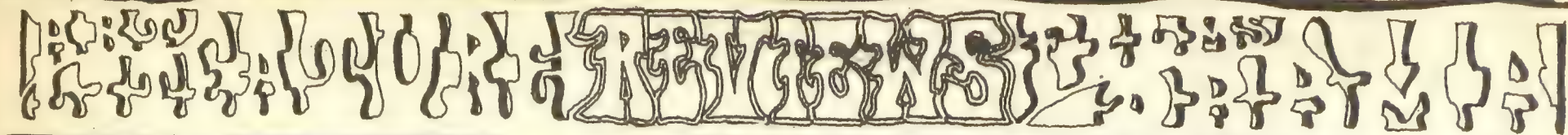
Stockades, federal prisons and courts are full of men who have defied the military, and who now must face the music. Unfortunately, there is no orchestra playing behind them.

### ADD IT UP:

Cops and courts have tried to put the national black leadership on ice, knocked the Berkeley white activist movement on its heels, over-run the campuses, wiped out many longhair communities, muted the intellectuals, and given, with impunity, fantastic punishment to draft and GI resisters.

The pattern goes a long way to explaining the malaise so many of us feel. America got where she is by jailing and killing blacks and other colored peoples.

cont. on page 23



After being saturated with slick, star-studded Hollywood goodies about "life," "Faces" is what we've all been waiting for. John Casavettes has broken all the rules--and it's about time someone did. Using mostly unknown, unglamorous, unaffected actors (one of whom is his wife) and impromptu dialogue, he has created a 'home movie' that could be the home movie of too many American families...about all the little life games that we have, do, or will play.

Boredom, fear, alienation, the hunt--Casavettes deals with them so starkly that the audience cannot fail to get the message, cannot fail to squirm in their seats at the brutal recognition of self that comes screaming off the screen. His technique (new for commercial American films, although standard New Wave)--the piercing handheld camera, the obtuse photographic angles, the grainy film--give the characters a human dimension too often absent in the majority of American films.

The theme is pretty simple. After spending a semi-drunk, very uninhibited evening in the company of an old friend and a young prostitute, a wealthy middle-aged businessman goes home to be greeted by his bored wife, who announces that, since nothing is on television, she wants him to take her to the movies. Several scenes explore their relationship. Suddenly, he tells her he wants a divorce and runs back to the prostitute.

The wife, in turn, spends a torturous evening at a discotheque with several equally-bored women watching...very out of it. Then she jumps into bed with the funky guitar-strumming type who picks her up.

So what? Trite? Well, take a better look. The film does.

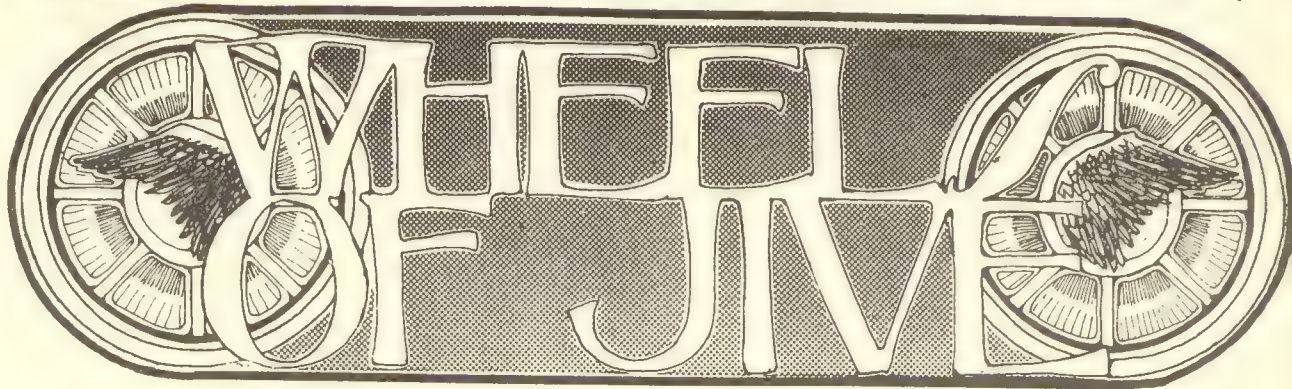
Each scene is filled with a poignant awareness of the human condition. The phoniness, the vulnerability, the desparateness that lies within us all. Because of the prostitute, the man is suddenly attractive and desirable, and finds comfort in her interest. The prostitute, when asked that she be herself, doesn't know that she never has been. And the wife tries to commit suicide because the truth hurts too much.

"Faces" end where such things always end. The people confront each other and are unable to comment. No communication. Very little love. Lots of fear. And even more nothingness than before.

Its bluntness makes "Faces" a rare treat in the American film industry.

Joan Tucker

"Faces" can be seen at the World Theater



Writing a rock column has put us through some changes. Casual rapping becomes, when laid in print, CRITICISM, which makes both of us feel presumptuous and dogmatic. We hope that this column will not put anyone else on our trip; we would like for you to get off on the coupling of our 'critical judgement' and our knowledge and opinions.

You can help us to relieve that rigid, stuffy feeling by giving us some feedback on what we write. Despite how it may appear at times, neither of us really hates any music. As Jerry Garcia puts it, "the worst music in the world never killed anyone." All music is accessible from some direction. We are heir to other ills of the spirit--to disappointment, to frustration, even to righteous wrath when we sense a hype or a shuck--but if it weren't for Rock, dope and sex might not be as much fun.

\*\*\*\*\*

1968 was the year that everyone became a Superstar. Put two Superstars together and you get a Supersession; Superstar plus Jam Session equals Supersession.

As anyone who's seen a good jam can testify, they are a gas. The playing is often spectacular, and the whole scene creates a feeling of spontaneous creation, almost like watching music being produced.

When this experience is pressed onto a plastic disk, the process disappears and all that is left is the product, and a shoddy product at that. Compared to the albums produced by established groups recorded sessions generally sound sloppy and unrehearsed, and the song writing is uninspired at best. Worse, instrumental virtuosity is substituted for imagination in integrating the individual. There are a great many talented young musicians on the scene now, and the number of possible combinations of Superstars playing "Season of the Witch" is endless.

This flood of free-floating Superstars is another ominous sign for Rock. We are witnessing the decline and fall of the group flash that produced all that good tight music of 1966 and 67. Stevie Winwood sounds good on "Voodoo Chile", but he sounds just as good with Traffic. And Mike Bloomfield sounded better on the first Electric Flag album than he'll ever sound repeating BB

King's solo riffs; even recorded live at the Taj Mahal.

Alas, Traffic is no more; also no more Flag no Big Brother, No Cream, No Quicksilver; no more from any of these groups that began making news instead of music.

Instead, it looks like we'll be deluged with "Super-something" albums, created exclusively for the image market. It will continue to be called the "New Music", but the newness will be gone, superseded by corporate sales profiles and "Top Ten Box-office Attractions" lists.

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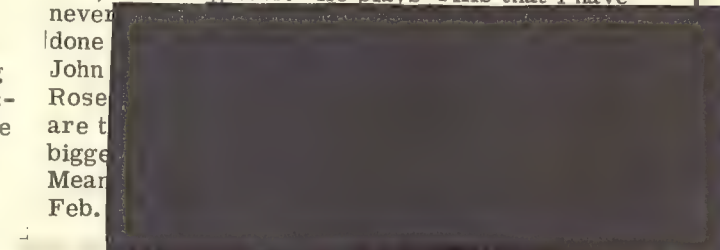
The album that really set me off on this is the new Kooper-Bloomfield double album. It features Al Kooper on overused organ and (again) onioline. It also features Mike Bloomfield doing HIS little on guitar. He's really a fine guitarist as far as technique is concerned, but it sounds like he left his imagination somewhere else. The only cuts he excels on are those where he plays backup guitar. With the Flag, Mike really demonstrated his excellence as a group guitarist, but when it comes to playing outfront blues lead, he sounds like a child prodigy imitating the great bluesmen. Better you should spend your money on the new Albert King album, "Blues Power-Live Wire" than this pale imitation.

Kooper too sounded better when playing in the group format, with Blood, Sweat and Tears. He plays fine blues organ, but in this album, at least, doesn't get it together with the other musicians.

\*\*\*\*\*

A final note to the above, one of the best albums to come out in a long time is the Led Zepelin. An excellent lp that makes all the bullshit out now look like bubble gum music. It's a new group from England that features five of the finest studio musicians together for the first time. The group consists of Jimmy Page (who has done work for the Stones, The Beatles, and others) on lead guitar. He plays riffs that I have never

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# SUZY Q's

## KAMPUS KLATTER

**SF State (LNS)**--On Thursday, Jan. 24, over 400 people were busted while trying to hold an 'illegal' on-campus rally. Among those busted were most of the student leaders and various members of the American Federation of Teachers, including Dr. Nathan Hare, acting chairman of State's Black Studies Dept.. Most were charged with misdemeanors, such as unlawful assembly or failure to disperse; several charges of felonious assault on a policeman were also levelled.

In the jails Thursday night, fire hoses were used against women demonstrators who, after refusing to provide information beyond name and address, persisted with chants and banging when officials began harrasing individual girls.

The big bust will probably initiate a new and more militant phase of the strike. Previously, a total of 189 persons had been arrested, never more than 10 or 20 in any single action. Now the pace may accelerate.

Classroom attendance has consistently been below the 20 percent mark. The cafeteria has been closed for over two weeks, and dormitory food service has been discontinued. The library, hampered by striking staffers and a determined effort to scramble the shelving process, becomes increasingly useless.

The Hayakawa administration and the Reagan-inspired Board of Trustees remain intransigent, but the tide is running against them. They cannot win, but they continue to resist, and it is entirely possible that SF State, like Tokyo U. and other major Japanese institutions, will be shut down indefinitely.

**BERKELEY(LNS)**--A strike, more determined than anyone had expected, hit the Berkeley campus last week. Black and Third World groups demanding control of a Third World college got together very fast and began picketing the university with the aim of shutting it down until demands are met.

Despite several scuffles between pickets and scabbing students on the first day of the strike, Chancellor Heyns, attempting to maintain his image as a bearer of the white man's burden, has not called large numbers of police onto the campus.

This action marks the first time that Berkeley strikers have been acutely aware that what they are doing is part of a nationwide thing. Strikes have hit most of the Cal. State Colleges and some of the junior colleges in the Bay Area. For example, rather than send people over to the SF State campus as has been traditionally done, the TWLF feels that they can best support their brothers and sisters by building the strike on their own turf.

**BRANDEIS**--On January 18th, the black students abandoned their ten-day sit-in assured of nothing but amnesty. Faculty opposition and a lack of energy amongst the overwhelmingly white student body seem to have done in black demands.

### WITHIN WHITE AMERICA:

The University of Minnesota administration building was vacated by 150 students after officials gave in to demands by Afro-American Society and SDS militants for an Afro-American studies program and a Martin Luther King Jr. scholarship fund for underprivileged students.

The student union at Wilberforce U. (Ohio) was destroyed by fire. A predominantly black school, it has been hit by a series of student protests and a boycott against university discipline procedures.

At Wittenburg U. (Ohio), 32 of the 45 black students enrolled in the college walked off campus after officials refused to meet their demands.

Swathmore President Courtney C. Smith died of a heart attack at his office on January 16th. Five hours later, the protestors (members of the Afro-SPAIN: The Universities of Madrid and Barcelona are closed. Franco declared a 3-month state of emergency. Students at Barcelona tried to throw the rector from his office window. In Madrid, a law student held by police on suspicion of commie activity fell to his death from a 17th floor window. Police said the student jumped. Students refused to accept that explanation and fought police from the campus to downtown Madrid.

**PRAGUE:** Police used tear gas on students and young workers to prevent them from decorating a national shrine with a Czech flag and a portrait of Jan Palach, the 21 year old student who set himself afire to protest Soviet occupation.

**PAKISTAN:** Three persons killed and 15 injured when police fired into a crowd in Dacca. In Kuhl, East Pakistan, 2 dead and 3 injured after a student-police clash. Demonstrators burned two newspaper offices, attacked a government building.

**PARIS:** Demonstrations continue at Sorbonne.

**NAIROBI:** Students boycotted classes at University College to protest government ban preventing Oginga Odinga, leader of the opposition Kenya People's union, from speaking. Riot police guarded the campus.

**ROME:** 500 students proclaiming their solidarity with Czech brothers, rushed the Soviet embassy and stoned a Russian tourist agency.

**MANILA:** Far Eastern U. students stoned the administration building after officials declined to hear their complaints re tuition rates and press censorship.

**LONDON:** London School of Economics students ripped out iron gates installed to control demonstrations. homes of college trustees after shots were fired into a house formerly occupied by a trustee.

**San Fernando Valley State (CAL.)**--Mass arrests and amnesty demands. **El Camino (Cal.)**--Students burn police effigy "to demonstrate solidarity with BSU/TWLF students on troubled campuses."

**East L.A. State**--Harry Brand predicts system-wide teacher walkout if any state teacher is fired as a result of protest-strike activity.

**High schools**--Protests erupted in black high schools in NYC, Mt. Vernon, SF and Sylvester, Ga.

**Chicago**--Protest at the U of C over the firing of radical sociology teacher Marlene Dixon escalated as students entered administration offices. The threat of a junior college strike ended Jan. 24, when teachers accepted a contract agreement for raises of at least \$1,750 during the next two years. American Student Society) left the building they had been occupying for ten days. They said that they would temporarily shelve their demands.

**Sonoma State (Cal.)**--SF State sympathy strike.

**San Mateo (Cal.)**-----Police stationed at campus entrances admitted only "students and those with legitimate business." Police maintain watch on

cont. from page 16  
If America's own children--the brats of her white middle class--insist on acting like blacks, well, shit, they will jail and kill us too.

Who the hell wants to 'make it' in America today? The hippie-yippie-SDS movement is a white nigger movement. The American economy no longer needs young whites and blacks. We are waste material. We fulfill our destiny in life by rejecting a system which rejects us.

America, like the Roman Empire, is falling apart. Repression reveals the speed of America's fall. When you challenge America, you soon find that underneath the pretty words about democracy lies a mad, arrogant beast who will tolerate no disrespect or opposition.

I used to know all this in my head. Now I know it in my gut. In the past six months I've personally found out what it's like to live in a police state.

In 1964 and 1965 I was active in campus demonstrations at Berkeley, travel to Cuba, and anti-war actions like stopping troop trains. In those days America thought it could solve its problems with white demonstrators by quickly winning the war in Vietnam.

But we had other ideas, and so did the Vietnamese. The anti-war movement became part of a massive youth movement, student demonstrations spread across the country, and in the summer of 1967 America's ghettos burned. The solution to rebellion at home became for LBJ a military one, and his administration turned the problem over to the FBI, CIA, Red Squads, the cops and the courts.

I guess I really began asking for trouble when, after working as project director for the siege of the Pentagon, I helped organize the youth festival and demonstration in Chicago in opposition to the Democratic Convention.

The yippies were the most public, anarchic and fearless conspiracy the world has ever seen.

It made LBJ very uptight to realize that an incredible youth-rock festival was going to be held in Chicago the same week he was scheduled to be renominated. LBJ knew that the one group in the country which had done the most to laugh at him and make him look silly were the hippies.

But LBJ dropped out. Bobby Kennedy looked like he was going to get the nomination and through his charisma put the yippies on the shelf. On June 5, Sirhan assassinated Kennedy, and yippie popped back, as unreal as ever.

On June 13 three New York narcotics detectives, carrying a mysterious search warrant, stormed into my Lower East Side apartment, angrily tore a Castro poster off the wall, and arrested me for alleged possession of three ounces of marijuana.

They spent 90 minutes in my apartment questioning me about yippie plans for Chicago and going through my personal papers and telephone book.

to finish this: articles go to p. 23

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# PERSPECTIVE - WHITELEFT: SERIOUS OR NOT?

PHOTO: ANN DOUGLAS

FROM RAT (WPS)



"Look, we ain't going to work with white people...they aren't serious... why do we have to work with those honkies?"

This is an attitude expressed by many black people. The question is why? The answer: they feel white folks (revolutionaries) are bullshitting.

...a girl wrote an open letter to Julius Lester replying to his recent articles (run in the last Seed--ed.). I am not going to deal with their discussion right now, but she said something that was very interesting. Interesting and untrue.

I quote: "For Cleaver was the first to create a meaningful working alliance between revolutionaries--black, brown, and white." What meaningful working alliance? How can there be a meaningful working alliance between black, brown and white? What have white revolutionaries organized? Do they organize? What do they accomplish? Do they get down with the nitty-gritty action? They are bullshitting--I shall elaborate on this.

There are mainly three types of organizing white folks are doing, if one wishes to call it organizing. The three types are found in individuals and organizations.

I will start from bad and go to the worst. Starting with the disciplined to the undisciplined, to the silly. The Discipline--a good example of a white revolutionary organization is the Young Socialist Alliance, or something in the same vein. Strong rhetoric; no action. (When I say action, I do not mean the way it operates, but the actually deep organizing in the vein of Southern Student Organizing Committee or SNCC in the early 1960's--living with poor whites, associating with them, etc. Also, I'm not including defense committees or individual action.)

Besides supporting the SWP, the YSA's main form of work is educating. Good, but some of them are workers, or people who work in Detroit. What are they doing in the unions or on their jobs?

Do the ones who work in the factories try to have better unions or try to educate their fellow workers to the false treachery of the union officials? Are they organizing the powerful workers or the powerless students?

(I believe working people are the blade of the revolution and the students the handle. No matter how hard the thrust is, the action will be useless unless the blade is sharp).

Do they reach into their community to organize and teach? Did they initiate rent strikes among the poor whites to better their conditions? YSA's only virtue is that they have a good library.

The main gripes of black activists are against the undisciplined and silly white organizations.

The Undisciplined--let's look at, according to J. Edgar Hoover, the threat to the nation, SDS. Students for a Democratic Society--what are they doing as an organization?

This is probably the largest undisciplined so-called revolutionary organization that exists. They are the group which says to their members, "Everyone do your own thing," and so nothing gets done.

On November 6 they held a teach-in. It didn't start on time, the people conducting it were unprepared, the program was sloppy. If it wasn't for Ken Cockrel's appearance it would have been a complete flop.

SDS sits around talking about revolution; sitting on their asses. Many of them need to get a job, a real job, for example in the factories, just to get the feel of working.

A lot of them are merely suburban children who act and react like spoiled suburban children. How can they possibly help the factory workers if they don't even know how a factory worker thinks? What are his particular wants and needs?

It's absurd for SDS to say what factory workers want, as it is for white people to say what black people want. You'll never know unless you live, work and socialize with the workers or the poor whites.

Don't let J. Edgar Hoover fool you into thinking you're a threat to the nation.

The last (silly) organizing force is the hippy types, the Yippies, and organizations like the White Panther Party.

Why do black radicals scorn them? Because they make a joke out of the revolution. They make it look silly, stupid, crazy and foolish.

Look at the White Panther Party program... They are worse than SDS with the "do your own thing" attitude.

Not only do the White Panthers do their thing, but they are literally perverting the movement.

Music ain't revolution. Black folks have been singing, dancing, and blowing instruments, and we still ain't free.

Look at some of the White Panther quotes..."Our way is the best--don't ever forget it... We have the most fun... we breathe revolution (probably a dragon in your mouth)... we are LSD-driven total maniacs in the universe. We will do anything to drive people crazy..."

A Yippie says "revolution for the hell of it." He must think this is just something to do. Another fool (and that's what they are) says "First we have the revolution, then we will see what we do."

The White Panther program consists of realistic actions (No 1 as an example) and silly shit (No 2 as an example). (As a member of the Black Panther Party I resent the action of the White Panther Party copying our name because of the action they produce behind it.) White Panthers, Yippies, they all think this is one big silly joke. A giant-love-in, a be-in, a freak party--something to do.

The White Panthers say "We are the solution." No--you are our (the movement's) biggest headache. You do have a problem. No--you are not helping, you're hindering us (the movement). You give the oppressor a chance to show how dopey you are and to get people to think we're all crazy. So don't expect a "meaningful working alliance" between black, brown and white revolutionaries until you get off your ass.

To all the so-called, or potential, revolutionaries: there are plenty of poor whites around Wayne University. Go live with them. White people are more brainwashed than black people. At least we can see through it. White folks have to be educated to the fact that inflation is not caused by those dirty niggers. This is your job, not mine.

White folks living right next door to you are racists. You should talk to them. Part of your job is to eliminate racism where it exists, in the white community. This summer get a job in the factory, alright? (I'll even say please. Go to church. Yeah, I know this hurts you. But that's where your honky trick-ass cousin is--get to him.)

We don't expect much of you. Just to create a revolution. In 3 1/2 years it makes a big difference if Wallace people become revolutionaries or greater reactionaries. This is your job.

If you don't start doing something to get results, there will never be an alliance. Black folks are fighting for their survival; their lives. White so-called revolutionaries act like it is a joke. We do not appreciate this.

Brother Malcolm said: "There can be no black-white unity until there is first some black unity." In the same breath he could have said, "There won't be any black-white unity until there is first some white unity or white folks starting to change the decadence in a revolutionary manner. We have no time for liberals.

But does one get angry at the puppet or the puppeteer? Does one get indignant over the White Panthers or the news media that prints it? A revolutionary paper doesn't deal with sex, etc. but with political issues, like the Militant, the Guardian, or Detroit's Inner City Voice do.

What black folks want to see is militant whites who, following the example of John Brown, are ready to do more than talk about fighting racial injustice and social inequality.

William Leach

(William Leach is a member of the Detroit Black Panther Party and a staff member of the Inner City Voice and South End newspapers. This article is reprinted from the Fifth Estate.)



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Young bachelor engineer who composed 50 songs, desires girls' company for dancing, movies etc. Call 955-7847 Evenings.

Anyone knowing the whereabouts of Elizabeth Lurene Ernstein, missing since Mar. 18 from Redland Calif. Please contact parents 714-794-188 She is 14 straight brown hair, brown hair 5'8" 110 lbs.

Say chum, down in spirits? No bread? Cheer up! Be a keen fellow and sell the Seed. It's a peachy keen paper and you make good gelt. Can you dig it? If interested come to the Seed office 837 N. LaSalle

LOVE IS BIG BROTHER

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Synthesis and extraction of organic psychedelics, now at the totally absurd price (Heh heh) of one dollar It's a swell book, weak plot, lots characters and you can get high!!! Send to Karma Graphics PO Box 3826 Hurry he is starving and wants to leave home.

If trenvestism is your thing we have the contacts. Many near you and the nation wide Empathy Club Box 12466 Seattle Washington 98111 Adults only. FREEDOM IS SLAVERY



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## IGNORANCE IS STRENGTH

DISPATCH breaks imperialistic traditions of reportage from Vietnam, other Asian countries: poem-letter by Hanoi negotiator LeDucTho; interviews with Buddhist, student militants; clandestine peace movements documents. 52 issues \$10, 25 \$5 Box 49986 Los Angeles California 90049



# FEEDBACK



Dear Customer:

Thank you for favoring us with your account. On behalf of the Bank, I want you to know that we appreciate this opportunity to serve you.

Lake Shore National Bank was one of the first of the Chicago-area banks to install a computer, which enables our Bank to provide check-handling service to our customers that is fast and accurate.

A key to this extra efficiency is the electronic code number which is required to appear on all checks and deposit slips. (The code number that has been assigned to your account is shown above, to the right of your address.) You will shortly receive from us, without charge, a supply of deposit slips with this number and your name imprinted in special magnetic ink... together with the checks you have ordered.

We ask you to please use these personalized slips for all your future deposits, whether made in the Bank or by mail. Enclosed now for your convenience are checks and deposit slips for temporary use only, until you receive the imprinted ones.

Again let me welcome you to Lake Shore National Bank and invite you to avail yourself of the many other helpful services offered by our Full-Service Bank.

Sincerely yours,

*A. Etchings*

A. Thomas Etchings  
President

Gentlemen:

Will you please be good enough to close the above-styled checking account here at Lake Shore National Bank on or before January 29, 1969, one week from today. Should the account remain open on that date, we will close it out and remit the balance to you via a Cashier's Check.

Sincerely yours,

*William J. Rutan, Jr.*  
William J. Rutan, Jr.

Beware of this bank. It is obviously schizophrenic. They cancelled six Seed and Seed-connected accounts to "avoid bad publicity" from our bust. Has anyone come to you and whispered, "psst, the pornies bank at Lake Shore."?

Do you want to bank with people who send thank-you notes to dirty old men?

Do you want to bank with people who discriminate against hungry freaks?

Cancel your account today. The money you save may be your own.

I will be seventeen next month. I am disgusted with this society. I am disgusted with the law. Tomorrow I have to go to Juvenile Court for dropping acid. You can probably understand my disgust.

...If there are any people who would like to correspond with me concerning the August incidents (or any important issue), I'd be glad to receive their letters.

I wish I could have been there this summer, but there was the small item of 'parents.' Just wait until the Conventions in '72.

Ginny Kristl  
PO Box 394  
New London, N. H.

Obscenity is a funny word--as shown by the events last week surrounding the arrest of the editor of the underground Seed newspaper.

For example, my idea of "obscene" is a John Wayne type war movie that glorifies killing, a Western that depicts the Indian as evil, a movie or book that portrays a Negro as subhuman or enslaved, or a religious film that condones mass murder and war (for the sake of the continuance of Christianity.)

Do the powers that be think the editor of the Seed invented sex symbolism? Seems the Chicago police need a lesson in history. Phallic worship--drawings, figurines and amulets--has been around since ancient times. We had ancestors who worshipped in temples so adorned.

In many parts of Europe, Asia, Africa, etc., drawings artware, statues and amulets may still be bought, and also seen in places of worship.

Maybe the Chicago police and City Hall better gather an "antiphallistic posse" and protect the world (or at least Chicagoans who travel abroad.)

You ask, where do we draw the line on "obscenity"? The answer is simple, we can't. Obscenity is in the eye of the beholder.

Mrs. Lorraine Wagner

I live in a black magic castle on a secret island. They will undertake to stake them. Power, suspicion--there is sadness here and there is anger, but most of all there are lost souls and confusion nooks and schemes. A way to a tree, a way to a dream, a way to a train, my own voice, my own voice, hooks and screams taunting melodies, evil melodies. They know. Sonya knows Chicago is a persecution place. Sonya cares.

Re: Huntley Bard article in January 24th Seed. Another fun thing about DDT is that even when present in fairly small amounts in the body, it's distilled by the human lacteal glands into much stronger concentrations. Mother's milk can contain near-lethal doses--will be much worse next generation, will definitely get your grandchildren.

Jo Feldman

CHICAGO SEED

# Ego Trip

I have started this twice before. Too close to the bone. Talk about the process of writing: "Krapp's Last Tape"--me listening to me talking about me listening to me talking about... This has been done before by others. Better too. Transcribe from an earlier manuscript.

This is an Ego Trip, to be sure, and why it should be printed I don't know, but why not? It's as meaningless for me to display myself with my skin pinned back and my insides labeled (including the blood) as any call to action (which will eventually run down in answer to the merciless call of Entropy) or description of someone's Good Time (funny how someone else's Good Time really turns us on but reading of their Bad Time makes us nod sagely... Yes, I know exactly how it is... the instance of Entropy in the life of men). Jesus Save Us--but you know he can't, he's got his own problems. Self-pity, Self-Disgust, Nothing. Love?

Can there be a revolution of love?

Is there something in mankind worth being saved?

Why should Love be so sad?

Why should anything be any way?

Why should I ask?

Why should I expect an answer? (Grim smile here)

Boy, talk about dumb...

I really had hoped...

Love is it, yes. But someone, please

Tell me where love is to be found?

And, realize, whoever is reading this

That I write not out of being alone (I have committed my life several ways in love),

But out of not knowing

Where I am to get the love to give.

How can an empty cup run over?

(Pause here to indicate passage of time/change of thought/possible suicide)

I sure do love to play with myself in print, don't I? Don't all you frustrated poets out there who keep sending in poems envy me? Now you know just how foolish that sort of thing looks. Aren't you glad it wasn't you who made an idiot of yourself in public? And don't you just KNOW that you could do it ten times better? Ah, but you see, I have always been renowned for excellent Posture (Bunthorne)).

One reason I find myself on the verge of freakout is my tentative research into possible and probable futures. Every one of them is bad news. The most merciful is the one where we blow ourselves up. The one that scares me the most is the All-Digit, All-Plastic, All-Seeing-Eye, All-Perfect, All-American,



## FROM THE OTHER SIDE OF THE TRACKS

1968 was the year in which the momentum of the past eight years reached a climax. From the first day of that year, everyone could feel that this year was the year for a series of confrontations which would expose the enemy more and more. Columbia, Chicago, the Black Panthers and much more happened--and the enemy was exposed to those who were predisposed to look and some who were not.

1969 has come. The enemy is exposed and no one seems to know quite what to do about it. Many of us are suffering from a mild depression, which is perhaps nothing more than a momentary weariness of the spirit. But, perhaps it isn't. For along with that depression has come a feeling of frustration which is more and more causing us to fight among ourselves, to squabble, to disintegrate into factions.

A lot happened last year and yet, the empire still stands with bombs bursting in air and the flag still there. Not only was Rome not built in a day, but it didn't decline in a day. It is one thing to expose the enemy in the streets of Chicago. It is another to destroy him. It is the former that much of our activity and thought has been concerned with. It is the latter we must be concerned with now.

"The movement" has reached a critical stage. It must move from an action-oriented movement which was, in the main, concerned with single issues (the war and/or the universities) to a broad-based, multi-levelled movement which will change the political and economic structure of the country. Whether or not this particular "movement", with its myriad groups, attitudes and viewpoints, can do so is uncertain. It may be that we have done all that it was possible to do at this point in history, given who we were and where we came from. If that, however, is to be the fate of the organizations now existing, it must not be the fate of a significant minority of individuals who have been involved during the past eight years. However, even those individuals who have a total commitment will be caught in the backwash of frustration now upon us if there isn't a serious understanding of the job before us.

Many become involved in "the movement" because of their outrage over the war in Vietnam. Once involved, they slowly became aware of the many ways in which they were oppressed. Their involvement in the movement brought about changes within themselves and presented them with the possibility of an alternative life style. There is no doubt that the overwhelming majority of people who have been involved in "the movement" are better people for it and unfortunately, it is going to end there for so many. Having gotten from the movement what they needed, they will now leave "the movement," live better lives for having been involved and become part of that vast body which will form the liberals of tomorrow.

At the same time, however, there are those whose involvement is total. They have reached that point where the pain of others has become their own and they have no choice but to continue unto death or victory. It is upon them

All-Alike one--hey, that's not future, that's right now. And the trouble is that I have reached the age/stage where I realize that I realize too much but can't stop. My shrink told me once that it's impossible to adjust to the whole world, and that I should try to make my peace with my own little world. The only problem is that my 'own little world' includes (among other things) Vietnam, the South Polar Cap, the San Andreas Fault, garbage strikes in New York City, Daley, the telephone company, and Spiro T. Agnew. And that's not even considering my own personal woes, but never mind them. Ouch!

If NOW is all there is, and the process is more important than the product, then I think that everybody alive has been screwed. We can, however, draw some comfort from the knowledge that it is illegal to take a frozen guru into the State of California...

### FUTURES

Extrapolate current trends to try predicting how we'll live in 20, 60, 100 years or so:

Nothing too promising. If we aren't to be absolutely destroyed in the next war or police action or whatever they're trying to pass them off as, chances are that our descendants will be no means resemble what we think of as human beings. Even if Holocaust is somehow arrested, it will be harder and harder to get away from government surveillance. Remote-sensing devices, in use today, can watch us from satellites 300 miles up, daylight or dark. Okay, assuming we survive this: the time's gonna come when there's no more work. Sound good? Maybe for awhile, but...seven Sunday afternoons in a week? How long can you listen to the stereo? How many games of solitaire can you play?

Another consideration: Death Games, to add the old kick to life by making it chancy again. Your reason for living in proportion to your chance of dying... No? O.K. How about population pressure? Near-psychotic by now in the larger cities--can you feature a world Tokyo? Strict governmental control of birthrate? Enforced euthenesis at age 60? Government-sponsored homosexuality? Public Suicide Booths on every corner? Giant rockets to cram people into and shoot off in all directions in hope of finding Lebensraum? New neuroses--"I'm in love with you, doctor--I don't care if you are only a computer!"? Government ban on organ transplants, with underground body-shops where you can get a new heart or arm or eye ("He got his left hand at the foot-legger's...") Or maybe giant Doctor Machines (walk-in types) which diagnose, operate and etc. all at once ("Walk right in, the doctor is vacant...")

How about a world takeover (not necessarily violent or sudden) by: advertising agencies, the phone company, illiterates, vegetarians, astrologists, SDS, greasers, the Catholic Church, news commentators, blacks, artists, pacifists, freaks, madmen, dwarves, Little Green Men, army ants, seaweed, Russian mystics, Mexican gardeners, airline stewardesses, Red Chinese, Max Frost, farmers, children under ten, angels, poison ivy, Surrealists, dope fiends, French intellectuals, chess-players, flying saucer enthusiasts, commune-livers, the Sexual Freedom League, the Mattachine Society, or the editors of Cosmopolitan? How about that?

Well...uh. Yes.

Valerie

that the responsibility falls to create what does not now exist--a revolutionary movement. For them, many dangers exist. As the numbers in "the movement" dwindle, they will become more exposed on the one hand and more isolated on the other. They may find themselves increasingly frustrated and discouraged as this situation develops. The experience may make them bitter, and embittered people do not make good revolutionaries.

The question is being asked: what do we do in 1969? Unless one asks the right questions, one cannot get the right answers and the question is what do we do, what do we want to achieve, what can we achieve, between now and 1972? After that question is answered, one tries to answer the question of what we do in 1969. For that minority of people who are committed, perhaps the over-riding necessity for the next four years is to broaden the base of "the movement." This means developing a cadre of organizers and then moving in groups of two or three into various medium-sized cities (100,000-200,000) long enough to know the problems and learn what the possibilities are for long-range organizing (which does not necessarily mean organizing people for demonstrations). Cities of this size can be organized. The metropolitan areas can only be harassed/ They will fall from sheer weight when the time comes.

Another necessity which should be on the list for the next four years is working and living in working-class communities. Labor will undoubtedly be in an accelerating crisis in the next four years, particularly if the Nixon administration carries through on its statement to increase unemployment to hold down inflation. It is a mistake to think that the working classes don't know where it's at. They do. They just don't know how to deal with it, except by consuming. And it is quite clear that the tactics we have used up to now haven't convinced them that we know how to deal with it, either. As long as we deal only with the particulars of our own type of oppression, they will find us irrelevant. We can only be relevant to them when we know their oppression.

Perhaps some of the motion for breaking down the class barriers of "the movement" will come from the women's liberation movement, one of the most significant developments of the past year. Women comprise the largest oppressed minority in the country. Any relevant political action coming from women can have much the same devastating effect on the country that the black movement has had. As prices continue to rise, it is not pipe-dreaming to think of women sending bricks through supermarket windows.

During the past eight years, we have so often depended upon the enemy to keep our "movement" going. Now it is up to us. And that means developing a movement which has leaders, not personalities; theory, not rhetoric; strategy beyond demonstrations. We must realize that no one blow will topple the empire. It will take hundreds of thousands of little ones. That can only happen when we consciously make each of our acts relate to furthering the revolution. This means everything from the way you say good morning to how you plan to rob a bank to finance your organization. In the revolutionary, the personal life and the political one merge and become one.

Above all, we must not feel that we are not successful if we do not repeat 1968. 1969 has different ones. Let us take what we can use from 1968 and leave the rest. This is 1969 and the empire still stands. That means there is work to be done.

Julius Lester

Reprinted from the Guardian, radical news weekly

## COLLEGE LIFE OR COLLEGE DEATH

If you're a high school junior or senior preparing to go away to college, you should be aware of a few facts-not listen in the ACT and SAT handbooks. You should also be hip to the fact that most guidance counselors, as well as the testing bureaus, will chatter endlessly on which schools you qualify for, which you can afford, and which, in their opinion, are worthy of you. Know that the whole rap is often a pile of bullshit, crapola that does little to prepare you for the type of life you will lead in the university, or more accurately, the type of life into which you will be placed. Generally, you'll become aware of most of the ethos of university life only after you've been drowning in it for a month or two. By then it's usually too late.

Attacking the problem on the broadest level, you should realize that, since the university is a way of life, school officials will do their best to program you into their system by literally leading you by the nose through every phase of living, conveniently leaving your mind behind. By controlling every minute of your day from the time you get up (controlled by morning feeding times and what hour the great god HAL 9000 dictates as the beginning of your daily class schedule) to the time you go to the john (is ten minutes enough time to take a shit if your next class is across campus) to the time you go to bed (the what-else-is-there-to-do blues common to most non-metropolitan campuses.) the administration gets you so caught up with obeying the Man that you fail to notice your head being placed in a specially-prepared box. Disobey the Man and you get your ass kicked--turn on the radio if you don't believe me.

Unless you plan to go to an ultra-conservative college, changes are there will be some sort of peace organization on campus. They are often recognized by the administration, which should tip you off that their activities involve little more than bickering. So little is accomplished that participation in these organizations drops off between the first few meetings and the end of the semester. The whole thing is good fodder for Marcuse and his idea of repressive tolerance.

If you consider yourself an activist (or would like to), don't get too psyched up about joining

SDS and becoming a revolutionary, as a large number of SDS chapters are chickenshit. Some chapters circulate petitions about dorm food and the like; only a few have engaged in strong actions directed toward re-organization of the university and the society at large. This picture may change as a result of the National Conference recently held in Anne Arbor, which came out in favor of a more militant position, so you should at least check out a meeting or two.

If you like communal living--or Chicago--or the suburbs--dorm life is going to be a tremendous down. Put-downs from hicks, beatings by jocks and ROTC-types, confrontations with the asshole who shares your cell, meals prepared by a veteran garbage-man are some of the groovy things you can expect. Universities often frown on people under 21 living off campus, and make it nearly impossible if you're a freshman. If you're a freshman chick, expect to be treated like you're twelve--curfews, restrictions on overnight passes, and countless other measures designed to protect your hymen for old mom and dad.

Entertainment in a college town can be a real hassle. The one or two theaters will sooner or later get on your nerves (Doris Day again!) unless you're a popcorn-freak. On weekends, the school will usually throw a free or cheap flick, but their taste is questionable. Outside of bi-weekly teeny-bopper dances, there is little to do on most exurban campuses.

Coin can be a huge horror. Most college towns are a hundred miles from nowhere, and the merchants in the area charge as if they were way stations to the moon. You know, a quarter for a glass of ice and a dash of coke.

Many drug scenes turn out to be farces. Two months ago, the press made Southern Illinois U. out to be the biggest pot-party this side of India. This came as a surprise to about 99 out of 100 students. In most areas, paranoia runs high, prices are terrible and there are few places to get stoned. If you make it into the ranks of the in crowd, you run the risk of rigidity and ostracism by the great mass of straights.

If you are going away to school, you should consider these issues and decide how you are going to cope with them. You may decide to switch your choice or move into the inner city and attend a junior college. Whatever your decision, good luck.

Mike Gold

## HIGH SCHOOL NOTES

"Oh You're A Holiday"

January 17th had a festive mood at Niles North. It was Al Capone's birthday. All the grease in suits, ties, hats and white carnations. A genuine greaser holiday, with all the pomade crowd paying homage to one of their heroes. And why not? It broke up the monotony and they weren't hassling anyone. People have a right to their idols.

About midday, some guy came up to the study hall minus his holiday dress. "They told me to take the stuff off or I'd be suspended for finals." "And they want us to celebrate a nigger's birthday," his friend replied.

Big Al was taken down a peg, but rumor has it that St. Valentine's day will bring out machine guns and other finery. Whether they'll be real or not remains to be seen.

### Student Mobilization Conference

As reported here last issue, there will be anti-war demonstrations oriented towards GIs in six major cities on Easter Sunday, April 6th. A recent SMC bulletin adds that the national office will start a GI press service and co-operate with anti-war committees and publications in collecting news on movement activities. A news-sheet will be published on a regular basis.

Lou Diamond

Send your high school news to Lou c/o Seed, 837 N. LaSalle Street, 60610.

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## RAVENSWOOD EL PART II

The Southbound Ravenswood El could not cross the river at Wells Street yesterday. The bridge would not come down and the rush-hour riders panicked. A young man carrying law books ran up and down the aisle as if he was in court trying to save his career. A woman whose employment was on the other side of the river tearfully asked the conductor whether she should get off the train and walk or wait until the train could cross the bridge. The motorman sat peacefully in his cab whittling a wooden doll and showed it to a businessman who condescended to look at it. The conductor paced the aisle because HIS train was off schedule and going further off schedule with each nervous moment. The trackman futilely jumped on the stubborn bridge trying to get it down. Within ten minutes the passengers became vocal, crying for instructions: where do I catch a bus? do I need a transfer? are all the bridges closed? The radio-voice in the motorman's cab, heavy with ten-four's, shifting trains about with the ease and assurance of a field commander. The CTA supervisor rasping: "I've got two Rave's and an Evanston backed up here at the Mart!" The Trib photographer standing on the LaSalle Street bridge shooting the reluctant bridge at Wells. The crush of fierce, frightened and frightful people on the street beneath the tracks attempting to board a bus which would take them across the river. To the Loop. Across the river. To get to the other side.

As I stood on the sidewalk watching the people shove their way into a waiting bus, I saw a girl in that press whom I hadn't seen in twelve years. Oh, poor girl. She looks so old and sad and weary.

Marshall Rosenthal

Graphics: Doris



## Q & A

QUESTION: How can a male determine whether or not he is circumcised? I am not sure about myself.

ANSWER: Buy the John Lennon-Yoko album. Neither John nor Yoko is circumcised.

QUESTION: First, my current female companion thoroughly enjoys my uncircumcised penis (it's the first she's encountered, she said) which has prompted me to abandon plans to have the foreskin lopped off. We both find it pretty groovy for her to play with, which she does for long periods.

Therefore, we both disagree with the observations of your "assistant" that the shot of John Lennon's uncircumcised penis is ugly, thereby implying that all uncircumcised peni are ugly.

Now the problem: We both engage in oral stimulation in our frequent sexual relations, and as much as I hate to admit it, my chick complains sometimes about the "smell" caused by the presence of my foreskin. I think the medical term for the substance found under the foreskin is smegma, right? (right) I wash under there as carefully and as often as I can to combat this, but it's a real drag for me to jump up from out play and rush to the bathroom to rinse off my penis to kill the smell and then run back. You can imagine how this would cool off things.

What can I do? If I wash ahead of time, everything is OK, but I don't know when we are going to swing together and can't plan so far ahead. I've suggested going ahead with the circumcision, by my chick is against it. Besides, I've been told by my doctor that a circumcision takes about 10 days to two weeks to heal and can be pretty painful during the first five days, especially if one gets an erection.

ANSWER: Maybe you've discovered one of the original causes for circumcision. Smegma is also suspected as a cause for cancer of the cervix, a disease seldom found in Jewish women (at least those married to Jewish men).

QUESTION: I was very worried by your article about the girl who died as the result of receiving a literal blow job.

Since the age of 14 I have been an expert at vaginal farting. By pulling in with my vaginal muscles, air is sucked up up--then, by pushing out, the air emitted in nicely controlled farts.

It is especially enjoyable during a playful bout of cunnilingus. I blow out while my partner tries to blow in--we both win half the time.

But now I don't dare suck air in, although it is often uncontrollable during intercourse. Please let me know how safe it would be to continue these activities. They are very tension-relieving...

ANSWER: If your partner wins, you may lose. Forcing air into the vagina or other body parts might cause an air embolism with fatal results.

QUESTION: I have a question that is very important for me to learn to answer. When a boy is eating me what should I do?

ANSWER: Do unto others as you would have others do unto you...

Write to Hip Pocrates c/o the Seed. Dear Dr. Hip Pocrates, a collection of letters and answers, costs \$5 from Grove Press.

from p. 18

The search warrant claimed that on June 10 an informer was in my apartment with me and saw dangerous drugs there. The only people in my apartment on that day were my closest friends. Narcotics police, who use corruption to get high, invented an informer to get a search warrant. Attorney Bill Kunstler is now attacking the warrant.

A Red Squad detective later told a New York Post reporter that this was the first blow against the yippies, whom he said were agents of the Communist Chinese importing dope into the country to destroy American youth.

Virtually everyone under 30 in Manhattan smokes pot. The cops use marijuana as a handy club against blacks, longhairs and political activists. If you are a longhair and a political activist, you get in trouble. If you are a longhair a political activist, and black, you got real trouble. (Hello, Eldridge, wherever you are.)

The marijuana charge against me is a felony punishable by 2-15 years in the state pen.

When I arrived in Chicago for the yippie festival, I found three shifts of plainclothes cops hounding me day and night. It was typical Chicago police harassment. Round the clock they tailed the half dozen people they thought were "leaders." They were there when we went to bed at night, and they were there when we got up in the morning.

For me they cooked up a special treat. Daley sent an undercover cop, Robert Pierson, alias Bob Lavon, to infiltrate the yippies, act as an agent provocateur, spy on me, and frame me on a serious felony charge.

At 10:30 p.m. Wednesday, Aug. 28, while looking for a restaurant, I was kidnapped off an empty downtown street in Chicago by four plainclothes pigs. I was threatened with beating and death, slugged, and told by the head of the Chicago Red Squad:

"You guys ruined our city. You, you Rubin are responsible. Do you like our city? We hope you do because we are going to put you in jail for a long time.

By chance, Jack Mabley, a columnist for the conservative Chicago American, happened to be in the streets when I was picked up. This is how he described what happened:

"No blood flowed in one of the most ominous happenings. Jerry Rubin... was walking west on Washington... A girl (Nancy) was with him...

"An unmarked car with four policemen skidded to a stop beside Rubin. Three men jumped out. 'Come on, Jerry, we want you,' one called as they grabbed Rubin. The girl screamed, 'We haven't done anything! We were just walking.

"I have heard Rubin speak, and he was obscene and revolting. In America a man may be arrested for obscenity or revolution. But Rubin was grabbed off the street and rushed to jail because of what he thinks.

"This is the way it is done in Prague. This is what happens to candidates who finish second in Vietnam. This is not the beginning of the police state, it IS the police state."

I was then accused of a wild assortment of charges and bail was set at \$25,000 more than the usual bail for accused murderers.

Two months later, on October 29, the Cook County Grand Jury returned an Illinois State indictment against me on two counts of "solicitation to commit mob action," a felony punishable on each count of 1-3 years in the state pen. Pierson's bullshit provided the basis for each indictment.

Pierson lied by saying that I shouted through a bullhorn, "Kill the pigs," thereby supposedly soliciting others to mob action the afternoon of Wednesday, August 28 in Grant Park. The incident is supposed to have taken place after cops attacked the crowd when the American flag was lowered; during the rally preceding the Mobilization march.

Anyone who was there during the time, including people with photographs or films, and especially people who saw me during that time, please contact my attorney: Frank Oliver, 30 North LaSalle Street, Chicago, Illinois 60602.

Whenever I come to Chicago for court appearances the press treats me like a yippie Richard Speck. The Judge has officially restricted my travel to Illinois. (Illinois?) The court system, of course, is under Daley's thumb. It all adds up to a one-way ticket for me to five years in the Illinois state pen and revenge for Richard J. Daley.

Embarrassed by the national press and the Walker Report, Daley needs a scapegoat in the pen. I am not going to be anyone's scapegoat.

America used to use HUAC to shit people up, but HUAC can only silence a movement that is afraid of itself. Pierson appeared before HUAC in October and said I told him that the yippies were planning to "assassinate Daley and the other national politicians" and overthrow the government "within a year." He sounded like he was on an acid trip.

The yippies love HUAC. For us it is a costume ball; a chance to project to the children of the world our secret fantasies, a la McLuhan. What a gas it was to see the headline: "HUAC BARS SANTA CLAUS." HUAC is all bullshit; it has no power.

What is not bullshit is an official government document in which the Dept. of Justice admitted in December, 1968 to a Virginia appeals court that it maintains "electronic surveillance" of me. The document, #12660, is signed by C. Vernon Spratley Jr., U.S. Attorney for the Eastern District of Virginia, and it was sent to the U.S. Court of Appeals, Fourth Circuit.

It says: "The government is tendering herewith to this court a sealed exhibit containing transcripts of conversations in which appellant Rubin was a participant or at which he was present which were overheard by means of electronic surveillance."

Electronic surveillance?

The government admits that it maintains either a phone tap or a house bug, or both, of my life. In other words, there is nothing that I can do in the privacy of my own home that does not go into some secret Big Brother tape recorder.

No need any more for suspicion--it's admitted. And what can I do about it? Nothing.

The New York cops, using an illegal search warrant and phony drug possession charges: the Chicago cops, using an agent provocateur and spy; the Dept. of Justice, using bugging; and the Chicago courts, using frameup felony charges, \$25,000 bail, and travel restrictions, have joined together in a criminal conspiracy to deprive me of my civil rights. That's about all the shit they could throw at me in six months.

I've got to raise a lot of money to stay out of jail: for everything from lawyer's fees to organizing a propaganda fight against Daley's Neanderthal Republic. A Jerry Rubin Defense Committee is being organized. Please try to help.

Make contributions to "Rubin Defense Committee" and mail to 5 St. Marks Pl., Apt. 16, New York 10003, New York.

These are days when one asks himself the most basic questions about the movement: Is it real or transparent? Does it concern issues, or is it a whole new life style? Could the government break it apart with concessions?

Are we creating a New Man, or are we a reflection ourselves of the bullshit we hate so much? Are we a new brotherhood, or are we just a tangle of organizations and competing egos? What will happen when we reach age 30 and 40?

I am not sure myself, and what I think often depends on how I feel when I wake up in the morning. And this is one of the differences between the black and the white movements. For blacks the liberation movement is a struggle against physical and mental oppression. For whites the movement is an existential choice.

One way to feel whether or not we have something real is to see how people relate to one another in trouble. In the past the movement has left the casualties of the last battle to their own individual fates as it moved on to the next dramatic action.

Many activists have even been forced to turn to their parents for help, rather than to the movement which is trying to overthrow their parents' institutions. How can we ask young kids to take risks in a movement which doesn't defend its own? My brother is 21 years old and his eyes often ask me that question.

The movement is more concerned with ideological debate, organizational games, and in-fighting than with creating a family. But our movement is only as strong as the friendships within it. Our only real strength is in our identification with one another.

That collective identification then becomes the greatest challenge to the cops and courts.

MESS WITH HIM AND YOU'VE GOT ME TO DEAL WITH TOO.

If 1968 was "The Year of the Heroic Guerilla," then 1969 will be "The Year of the Courts." We must attack the myths surrounding the courts as ferociously as we have attacked the American myths of war, apple pie, your friendly neighborhood cop, and "free elections." Maybe Pigasus should become a judge.

Lenny Bruce put it right: "In the Halls of Justice, the only Justice is in the Halls." Courts come on as sacred as churches. Judges act like they just got off the last plane from heaven.

America's courts are the nation's toilets. And in America's jails, human beings are forced to live like animals.

Martin Luther King saw civil disobedience and arrests as moral thrusts aimed at stirring the population and government to action. His death dramatized the death of innocence.

The police, district attorneys and judges use arrests freely: to get activists off the streets, to tie us up in endless judicial and legal procedures, and to serve as a warning to others. Arrests become a form of punishment and detention.

For the cops, an arrest is almost as good as a conviction.

To challenge the courts is to attack American society at its roots. In campus rebellions, the most revolutionary demand, the demand that can never be granted by the administration, is the demand for amnesty. Attacking the society's mechanism for punishing her citizens is attacking the society's very basis for control and repression.

Americans like to believe that this is a country of "fair play." We ought to organize tours for the American people of their courts and jails.

An offensive against the courts and jails--including direct action and direct legal and financial aid to the victims of the system--would be the most immediate link that a white movement could possibly make with blacks and poor whites: the country's shit-on, the criminal element."

As a beginning let's organize massive mobilizations for the spring, nationally coordinated and very theatrical, taking place near courts, jails, and military stockades.

The demonstration should demand immediate freedom for Huey P. Newton, Eldridge Cleaver, Rap Brown, Harlem 5, Harlem 6, all black prisoners, Timothy Leary, the Oakland Seven, all drug prisoners, all draft resisters, Ben Spock, Jeff Segal, Martin Kenner, me, Fort Hood 43, Catonsville Nine and Milwaukee Fourteen, and all white political prisoners, and amnesty for deserters and draft evaders.

Remember the legend of Spartacus. The Romans slaughtered all the slaves, but the moral example lives on.

When the Roman army came to kill Spartacus, they faced a mass of thousands of slaves. They demanded that Spartacus step forward

"I am Spartacus!" shouted one slave.

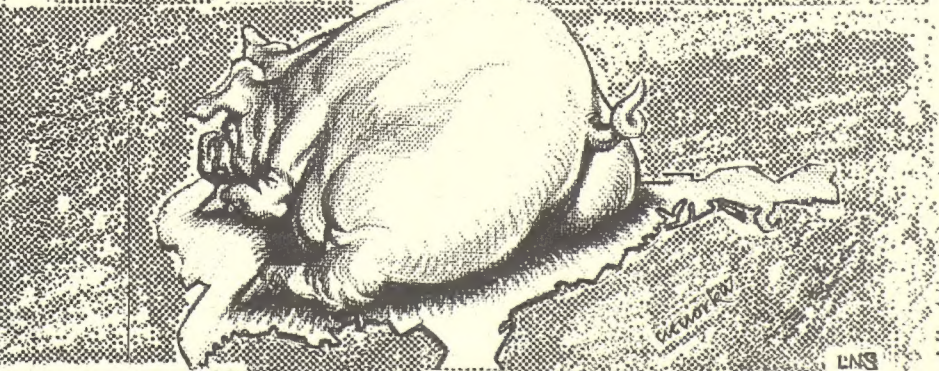
"No, I am Spartacus!" shouted another.

"No, I am Spartacus!" shouted another.

"No, I am Spartacus!"

With love,  
Jerry Rubin

(with a little help from my friends, Nancy Kurshan, Martin Kenner, Arthur Naiman, Stew Albert, Gumbo, Jim Petras, David Stein, Sharon Krebs, Robin Palmer, Ken Pitchford.)

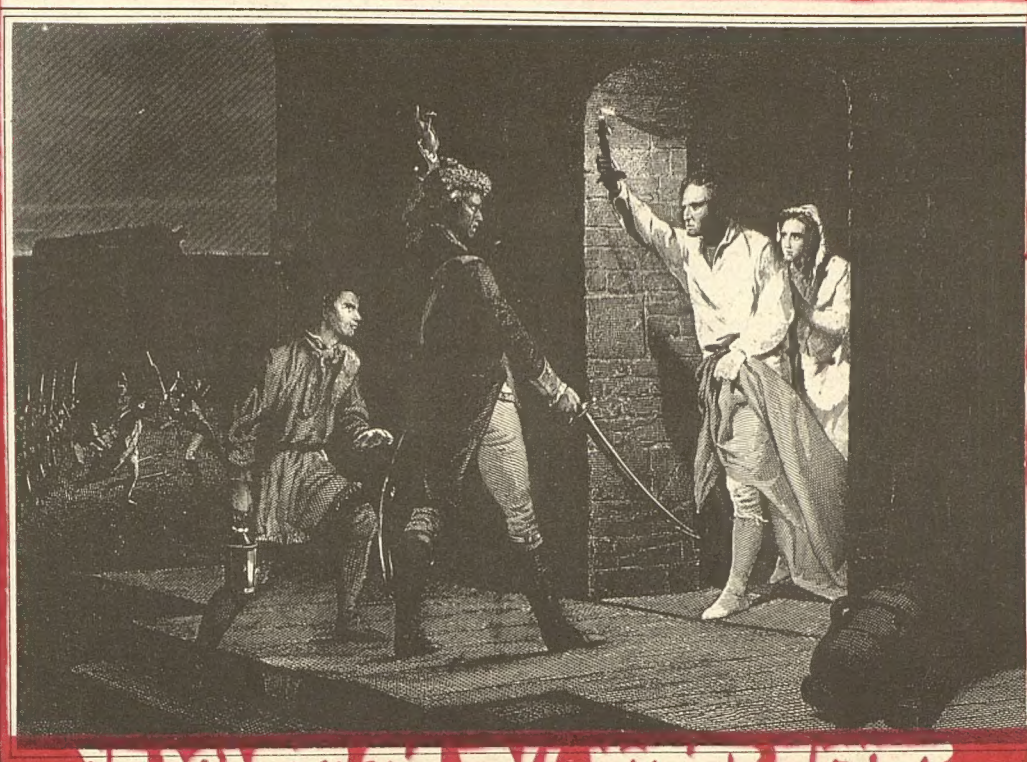


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gles, and will have to form tight family groups in order to survive. So maybe all of this is cool, but the process is going to be a drag to experience. "The revolution," we are told, "is not like painting a picture; it could never be so refined or genteel."

ML Firstenberg

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UP AGAINST THE WALL, MOTHER FUCKER!



## MC-5



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